

ÉDITION DE LUXE.

No. 1,017



MAY 25, 1839

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

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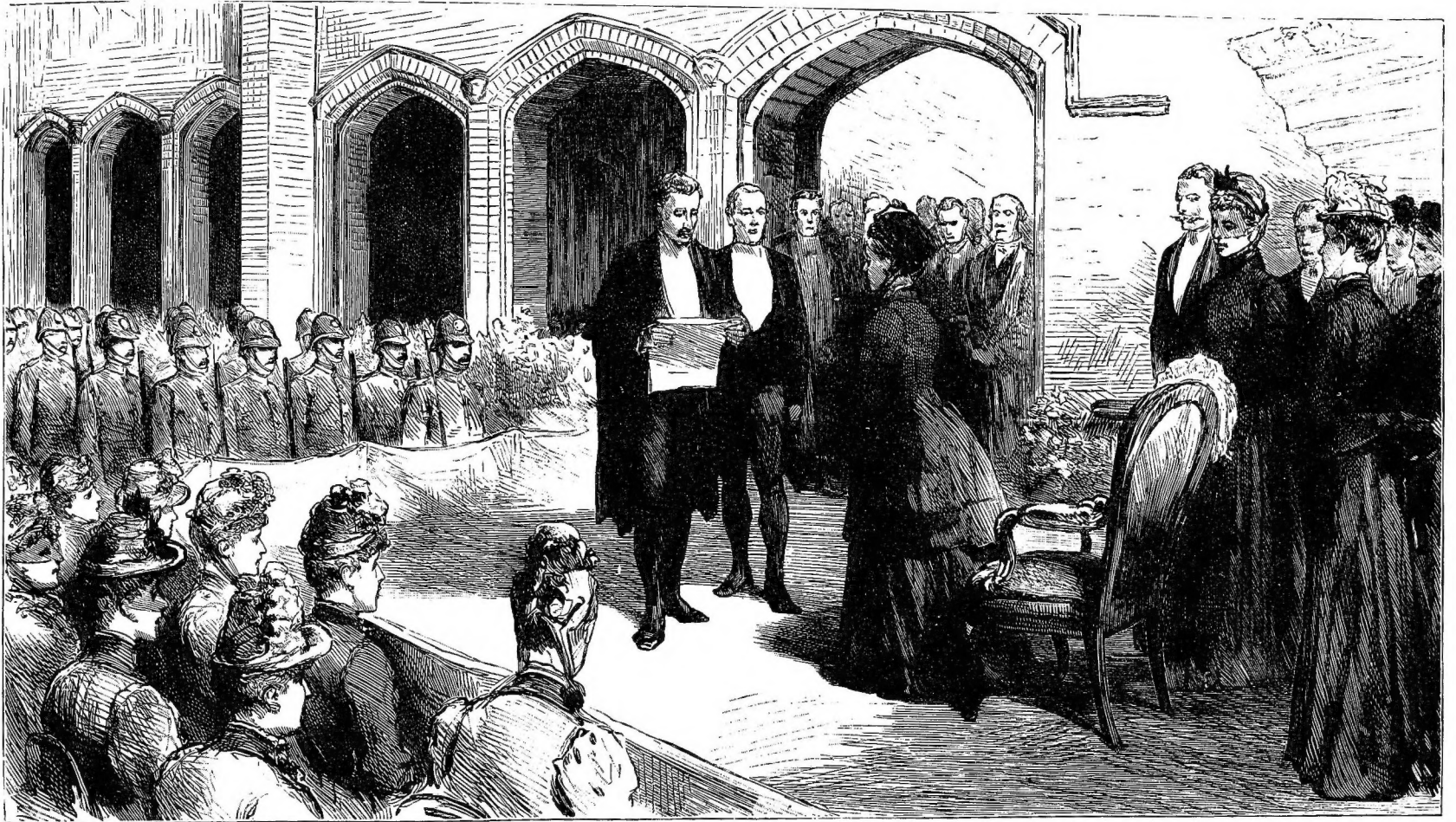
No. 1,017.—VOL. XXXIX.
Registered as a Newspaper

ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1889

THIRTY-TWO PAGES
AND EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post 9½d.



THE LAYING OF THE MEMORIAL STONE OF THE NEW SCHOOL BUILDINGS AT ETON BY THE QUEEN
HER MAJESTY RECEIVING AN ADDRESS READ BY THE CAPTAIN OF THE SCHOOL



"THE QUEEN—GOD BLESS HER!"
A SKETCH AT SIERRA LEONE ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY

Topics of the Week

KING HUMBERT IN BERLIN.—The King of Italy has received a splendid welcome in Berlin, and the feeling expressed in the capital evidently represents that of the German people generally. It thoroughly pleases them to think of Italy as the ally of their country, and they are glad to have an opportunity of showing what they think about the matter. If the Germans had nothing to fear but the enmity of France, they would probably give themselves little trouble about alliances. They are by no means inclined to despise the strength of the Republic, but they are confident that their own strength is greater. What they dread is a possible combination of the French and the Russian forces. This, they admit, they would find it hard to overcome; and so they feel that it is an absolute necessity for them to have friends on whose aid, in the hour of peril, they could confidently rely. Of all their neighbours, Austria is the one to whose goodwill they attribute the highest importance, and next to her comes Italy, which could do magnificent service not only on land but by sea. Had France acted prudently, she might have been able to persuade the Italians to adopt a strictly independent and neutral policy. But she alarmed them by her action in Tunis, and has since been at no pains to conciliate them. Hence the advances of Germany were met with enthusiasm by Italy, and the understanding between the two Powers rests on a sound and solid basis. It is not surprising, then, that the people of Berlin should be delighted by King Humbert's visit, and we in England have certainly no reason to be dissatisfied with their rejoicings. The alliance between Germany, Austria, and Italy is the most powerful of all existing guarantees of peace; and the maintenance of peace, as Lord Derby long ago said, is by far the most important of English interests.

LORD SALISBURY ON THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE.—When this organisation was first started, philosophical persons were inclined to pooh-pooh it because of its quaint nomenclature. "Knights," "Dames," and "Habitations" seemed incongruous in the closing years of this highly-enlightened and matter-of-fact nineteenth century. The philosophers, however, were altogether wrong, as, indeed, they very often are. They did not make sufficient allowance for the child-like imaginative element which exists in human nature. It is just because most of our surroundings nowadays are so desperately monotonous and prosaic that these far-fetched mediæval titles exercise a peculiar fascination on the members of the League. Much of the popularity of Freemasonry arises from the picturesque and high-sounding appellations pertaining to various offices in the craft; and that such usages are genuinely popular is proved by the fact that they have been copied by various more modern associations, especially in the Great Republic across the Atlantic. No one, however, imagines that the wonderful success attained by the Primrose League is due to its nomenclature. That success is really due, as Lord Salisbury justly said, to the persistent efforts of a multitude of volunteer workers, who had the wit to perceive that the doctrines of Conservatism were not held by the upper classes only, but permeated the whole community. Until, however, the League arose, no apparatus existed for bringing these classes together in friendly intercourse. The Primrose League furnished the necessary machinery, with the result that it now has more than 800,000 persons enrolled on its books. It is a hopeful sign, moreover, that the operations of the League are extending in Ireland. It must be confessed that hitherto the Loyalists—except in the north-east corner of the island—have not shown that solidarity of front which characterises their Nationalist adversaries. Finally, Lord Salisbury paid a well-merited compliment to the lady-members of the organisation. No one who has watched its progress will deny that the success of the League is largely due to its pronounced feminine element. Its women-members have shown not only zeal and assiduity, but various other equally valuable qualities, in which the male sex are, as a rule, woefully deficient. In a word, but for the ladies, instead of being the symbol of an important political organisation, the Primrose would have remained, as it seemed to Peter Bell, merely a yellow flower.

THE OLPHERT ARBITRATION.—Just when the public believed that the long-standing dispute between Mr. Olphert and his tenantry was on the eve of a satisfactory settlement, negotiations came to an abrupt end, and the disputants reverted to their previous attitude of war to the knife. Mr. T. W. Russell claimed, on behalf of the landlord, that the tenants, by entering into arbitration, should signify their entire abandonment of the Plan of Campaign. To this Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, acting as their spokesman, emphatically demurred, claiming that his *protégés* should retain their freedom in every respect. Supposing that Mr. Olphert had agreed to this imperious demand, he would, so to speak, have given himself clean away. If the arbitration went in the tenants' favour, he must have submitted, no matter how unfair he might have considered it; whereas if it went against them, they could have fallen back on their beloved

Plan. In a word, the wretched landlord was to have come before the arbitrator with a Damocles sword hanging above his head. Well may it be asked whether it is possible to help people who behave in such an unwarrantable manner as these distressed Irish farmers. Even if they were transplanted to the other side of the Atlantic at the cost of the State, such confusion of the most elementary principles of right and wrong would be sure to bring them into trouble. Nor can they be excused by transferring the blame for their pigheadedness to their evil advisers. We are quite prepared to believe that they were instigated to demand such terms as their landlord would be sure to refuse. But they were under no other compulsion than that of their own greed to give ear to such palpably mendacious counsel.

WOMEN AS COUNTY COUNCILLORS.—It has been decided on appeal that women have no legal right to become members of County Councils, and the other day Lord Meath's Bill for conferring the right upon them was summarily rejected by the House of Lords. Moreover, the action of the Upper House in the matter precludes the possibility of the adoption of the measure which had been introduced into the House of Commons for the settlement of the question. The immediate prospects of the movement do not, therefore, seem to be very hopeful. The advocates of the new ideas about the position of women are not, however, easily discouraged, and there can be little doubt that, if they are baffled during the present Session, their ultimate victory will not be very long postponed. There might be a reasonable excuse for delay if we had no experience as to the capacity of women for doing useful work as members of representative public bodies. But in Boards of Guardians and in School Boards they have given ample proof that they can do good service to the community, and there is not the slightest reason for supposing that they would be less efficient in County Councils. These Councils have to deal with a large number of questions in which women are especially interested, and it is hardly possible that such questions can be properly settled unless they are considered from the feminine as well as from the masculine point of view. Lady Sandhurst no sooner took her seat in the London County Council than she began to turn her attention to Baby Farms, and the most resolute opponent of "women's rights" will scarcely dispute that these are institutions which women are at least as likely as men to understand. Many other matters about which the County Councils are in duty bound to concern themselves are equally within the distinctive sphere of women, even if that sphere be defined in accordance with the strictest and most orthodox notions. To say that women shall not be members of the Councils is, then, to say that the Councils shall not be fully equipped for their functions.

VICEREGAL IRELAND.—It is an open secret that the movement for the abolition of the Irish Viceroyalty would scarcely have been heard of at the present time, but for the difficulty of finding a suitable successor to Lord Londonderry. The reason for this difficulty is simple enough, although it forcibly illustrates the strength of the revolutionary current in Ireland. No Irish Loyalist, possessing landed property in Ireland, cares to accept a post which brings with it no real power—all the power being centred in the person of the energetic Irish Secretary—while, at the same time, even if he contrived to make himself personally popular, he would be treated as a scape-goat for Mr. Balfour's sins, and subjected to various annoyances on his estate, if orders to that effect should be given by the Jacobin leaders. It is rather significant, by the way, just now, and a proof of the contrariness of Hibernian human nature, that directly the Loyalists suggest the discontinuance of the Viceroyalty, the Nationalists, who have been thundering for years against the "Castle" and its iniquities, suddenly discover that its abolition would be another grievance. Speaking personally, we shall regret the disappearance of the Lord-Lieutenant—our sentiments are precisely those of the hero of Thackeray's famous ballad addressed to "Sweet Mary with Oi's of the Blue!" Without the Viceroy, Dublin will become even more decayed and provincial than it now is; and we have no wish to see the mother-cities of the kindred nations which make up the United Kingdom swallowed up in this overgrown London. But it is questionable whether the establishment of a Royal residence in Ireland will prove much of a panacea. The Irish, by nature a people overflowing with personal loyalty, have lost much of that loyalty, for want of an object on which to bestow it. Now they are more prone to worship the Stars and Stripes than the Royal Standard. Thrice, during the Prince Consort's lifetime—namely, in 1849, 1853, and 1861—the Queen went to Ireland, and was most warmly welcomed. How many times has she been there since? Yet Ireland is at least as important a part of the United Kingdom as Balmoral or the Isle of Wight.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.—Major Marindin's report on the electric lighting of London shows in every paragraph the great difficulties of the question. The chief of these is the old controversy as to whether more benefit accrues to the public from perfectly free competition, or from well-guarded monopolies. Londoners have tested the latter system for a long time in the case of gas, and since the introduction of a

sliding scale to govern prices, it has given satisfaction on the whole. Still the fact remains, that the price of gas would be very much cheaper than it is, did not the companies levy such large profits. If there were free competition, the shareholders would probably have to be content with one-half of their present dividends. On the other hand, it is equally beyond dispute, that were a number of gas suppliers fighting one another to the death in all parts of the metropolis, the streets would be perpetually undergoing operations detrimental to the public convenience. Weighing these considerations one against the other, Major Marindin proposes to establish a system of limited competition, by not allowing more than two companies to supply the electric light in any area. Even then it is to be feared there will be more ripping up of the roads than the public will relish. For, it is enacted that within two years from the issue of an order, the company receiving it shall transfer all its overhead wires to underground. This will be, no doubt, a very salutary reform in many respects, but accompanied by the disadvantage of adding to the causes which so frequently make great thoroughfares temporarily impassable. As regards price, Major Marindin fixes upon 8.2 per unit as fair to the consumer and producer. That may be so at present, but the probability is, that in the course of a few years, the expense of manufacturing the electric light will be largely reduced, as has been the case with gas. There is sound sense, therefore, in taking account of that contingency by making provision for the revision of the rate, on the basis of a 10 per cent. dividend, at the end of every decade.

A TEACHING UNIVERSITY FOR LONDON.—The Royal Commission appointed to investigate the question as to the necessity for a Teaching University in London have reported that such a University ought to be established. So far the result of their inquiries is thoroughly satisfactory, for every one who has given serious attention to the subject is of opinion that London should have had a Teaching University long ago. The existing London University does very good work in its own way, but a degree given by a merely examining body cannot be so valuable as one given by a body which takes its students through a regular and systematic course of training. A young man in London who wishes to obtain the highest kind of intellectual discipline, and then to secure a degree which shall serve as a symbol of the influences to which he has been subjected, cannot get what he wants in his own City. It seems hard that in this respect London should be inferior to Edinburgh, or Dublin, or Manchester, to say nothing of Oxford and Cambridge. The Report of the Commission will, no doubt, be found to have brought us a step nearer the goal, but it is unfortunate that the Commissioners have been unable to agree as to the means by which the desired end should be attained. Three of them—those who have had experience of teaching—think that we have in University College and King's College what might be the nucleus of a great University; the other three hold that a union of some kind should be effected between the existing University and these institutions. The Commission have requested that the question shall be referred back to them, and this will probably be done. If it is, we must hope that the idea of creating a sort of patchwork University will soon be abandoned. The existing University should be retained as an independent institution for the entire Empire, and side by side with it we ought to have a University which would meet the local needs of the capital. That is the only solution which will be perfectly satisfactory to those who have closely and practically studied the problem of what is called the higher education in London.

MISSIONARIES IN EAST AFRICA.—The Universities' mission has been at work for thirty years, during which no less than thirty-six missionaries—all comparatively young men, and mostly above the average in actual vigour and physique—have found rest in African graves. This fact testifies to the insalubrity of the climate, but the gallant men who went as the pioneers of Christianity to those remote regions were prepared to meet this peril, as well as to endure the loneliness of exile, and the danger arising from intercourse with savage tribes. African natives, however, have no lack of shrewdness; and when they discover that the missionaries who visit them are genuine men of peace, only bent on imparting to their hosts some of the arts of civilisation, and the rudiments of a nobler religion, they speedily abandon their suspicions, and regard their self-exiled visitors as their friends. Thus, apart from climatic perils, the position of the missionaries was for many years comparatively smooth and prosperous. But of late they have been confronted with a far more serious danger than any which had hitherto befallen them. The colonial fever seized the Germans, and they determined to make a settlement in East Africa. Ever since they landed they have quarrelled with everybody they came across. They have set Zanzibar in a flame, and infuriated the Arabs by their anti-slavery professions. An expedition under Captain Wissmann is now advancing against the Arabs, and as the latter, in their wrath, are not likely to discriminate between one set of white people and another, the missionary stations at Magila are in imminent danger, and the women folk have already been persuaded to leave.

There is little doubt that the murder of Bishop Hannington was due to the alarms caused among the natives by the German invasion, and, as the missionaries themselves are resolved to stick to their posts, further tragedies may be heard of from that region. The most galling part of the business is that we are officially leagued with the German Government in this wanton crusade, under the hollow pretext that we are helping to stop the slave trade. Fudge! The truth is, that if Germany had been a feeble Power we should have said "Hands off!" at the outset; but, being a big Power, we were afraid to remonstrate, and therefore joined in this unholy alliance, which is much more likely to lead to the massacre of missionaries than to free slaves.

DISHORNING CATTLE.—Reading the evidence given in the case of Ford v. Wiley, one can only wonder that such a horrible practice as dishorning cattle is still largely carried on in the United Kingdom by people who would, no doubt, hotly resent any imputation of inhumanity. Nothing worse in the treatment of the brute creation has ever been alleged against the most degraded tribes of Africa. They torture animals as they torture human beings, partly because they are destitute of feeling except in a very blunted degree, and partly for sport. But the British farmer who inflicts hideous agony on his cattle by sawing off their horns close to the skull commits the atrocity solely for sordid motives. The poor maimed creature fetches a slightly higher price than it would have done if not subjected to the operation. About the cruelty of the thing there is no dispute; an abundance of skilled testimony goes to prove that the cattle suffer terribly. Yet this gross inhumanity is thought so little of that in the case in question, the Norfolk magistrates refused to convict of cruelty. Mark, then, British consistency. Let a rumour get into circulation that a rabbit or a frog has been subjected to torture by some medical experimentalist, not for sordid gain, but in the hope of conferring benefit on the whole human race, and forthwith a multitude of excellent people go into hysterics. Is there not an Anti-Vivisection Society, and was not the House of Commons treated last Tuesday to another display of gushing sentimentality about the wickedness of these experiments? But we know not of an Anti-Dishorning Society, nor can we call to mind a single occasion on which the collective wisdom condemned the practice of making money out of cattle torture.

A BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.—A Bill for the creation of a Board of Agriculture has been introduced into the House of Commons, and we may hope that it will be more successful than the measure submitted for a like purpose last year. The proposed Board, if it could not do much good to agriculture directly, might be of immense indirect service. In no department of industry has England suffered so severely from the pressure of competition. It is of incalculable importance, therefore, that all who are interested in agriculture should have the fullest possible opportunity of studying the facts relating to the subject. They should have the means of learning, without much trouble, the latest discoveries in the sciences on which agricultural progress depends, and the best and most recent improvements in agricultural methods. Information on such matters would of course be carefully brought together by the Agricultural Board, and presented in forms in which it would be easily accessible to every one who might care to possess it. The Board, too, would be in a position to provide for the carrying-on of useful researches and experiments; and an essential part of its work would be to take care that agricultural education should be maintained at the highest attainable level. Forestry would also come within its scope, and it is generally admitted that that is a subject which has hitherto received very inadequate attention in England. Agriculturists are by no means united as to the merits of the Bill, but they will commit a serious mistake if they do not so far agree as to constitute a Department whose business would be to attend to their interests. Let the Board be formed and get into working order, and it would be easy afterwards to remedy any defects that might be found in the original conception of its duties.

ABUSIVE EPITHETS.—During the debate last Saturday in the Reichstag on the Aged Workmen's Assurance Bill Prince Bismarck took occasion to rate certain sections of the Opposition for their lack of patriotism. Thereupon a member jumped up, and cried "Pfui!" The concatenation of these four innocent-looking letters put the Chancellor in a towering passion, he declared that he had been grossly insulted, and next day, at his "lunch-garden-party," he said, in his emphatic fashion, that the exclamation was as bad as if some one had spat in his face in front of an army. Perhaps we are more phlegmatic than the Germans, for it would be difficult in English to find any equivalent little word which would equally offend the susceptibilities of John Bull. "Pfui" is very inadequately translated by "Shame," which, to English ears, does not sound a very powerful interjection; it seems rather to be the German cousin of our "Pooh!" Now "pooh" is not a very polite epithet to hurl at a gentleman's head, still there is not that dead-sting in it which caused Prince Bismarck to writhe. The truth is that these interjectional epithets are often practically untranslatable. When we say that a man is a miserable

fellow, we mean something much less serious than when a Frenchman hisses out "*Misérable!*" But it is remarkable that "wretch," the true translation of the French *misérable*, is considered among the criminal classes one of the most injurious appellations that can be bestowed, far worse than some which sound much viler. In like manner, although the cow is a useful, gentle, and cleanly creature, to call a lady a "cow" in the lower social grades is a very bitter insult. "Pig" in England has rather a playful effect, and is chiefly applied to children when they have tumbled into the mud, but in the East it possesses a much more sinister import. Even in France it is reckoned a very ugly word, and the Parisian coachman (in a well-known anecdote) felt himself deeply aggrieved when the Irish lady kept innocently addressing him as *cochon* instead of *cocher*.

THE FIELD CLUB.—There must be a good few enterprising gentlemen at the West End who felt a keen sense of relief when the Field Club case came to an abrupt conclusion. An extended inquiry might have revealed matters which they would much prefer to keep secret. As matters stand, they are in a position to wag their virtuous tongues at Mr. Seaton, and to denounce him as a rascally "hell keeper." So, too, indeed, he has confessed himself to have been, apart from the abusive adjective, whose applicability is, of course, merely a matter of opinion. They will be wise, however, to take warning from the fate of the proprietor of the Field Club. It is true, he has got off with the payment of a sum of money which must represent a quite inconsiderable percentage on his past profits. But the goose that laid the golden eggs is killed; never more will Mr. Seaton be able to run an aristocratic gambling house. He has lost the social *cachet* which is required for the business; not much of it, perhaps, but sufficient to mark off the proprietor from the vulgar herd of hell-keepers. Although, therefore the punishment awarded in Court to this worthy teacher of our gilded youth looks altogether insufficient, it bears with it consequences which will cling to him for the remainder of his life. But the police must go forward with the work of purgation now that they have set their hands to it. The Tower of Siloam has only crushed one sinner as yet; there are a score of others on whom it ought to fall. And if at the same time it chances to pulverise those members of high-class clubs who act as touts on commission for gambling dens society will be none the poorer for their disappearance.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued AN EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, entitled "PICTURES OF THE YEAR, III."



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see page 575

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CELEBRATING THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN SIERRA LEONE

THERE is probably no single anniversary so widely celebrated throughout the globe as that of May 24th, the birthday of Queen Victoria, upon whose dominions it is a very old saying that the sun never sets. On that day, at home and abroad, in all our garrisons, whether in Portsmouth, Calcutta, or Capetown, in our Embassies and Consulates, in the Government Houses, whether at Quebec, Melbourne, or Gibraltar, there are festive gatherings to do honour to the occasion, and to show that loyalty to the throne remains as firmly planted as ever in the expatriated Britisher, no matter to what part of the world his fate may have led him.—Our illustration, from a sketch by Lieutenant C. Haldane McFall, represents the officers of one of our West India regiments at Sierra Leone drinking the toast of the day with Royal honours, "The Queen! God bless her."

PRINCE'S CLUB

THIS club, so named after its originators, the Messrs. Prince, and which formerly had its quarters at Hans Place, has been resituated on a new site, previously occupied by the Japanese Village, and facing Knightsbridge Barracks. On Saturday last, May 18th, the club was opened by the Prince of Wales, who was accompanied by his son, Prince George of Wales. His Royal Highness at once proceeded to the *dedans* of the tennis-court, where a match had been arranged between the Hon. Alfred Lyttleton (the present holder of the Marylebone Gold Prize) and Charles Saunders (the professional champion). The Prince occupied the central seat in the *dedans*, the gallery and sides of the court being crowded by a distinguished company. The match was the best of five sets, and was won by Saunders by three sets to love. It was an excellent illustration of the game, as there were two exceptionally long rallies, while the returns of both players were most accurate. Mr. A. J. Balfour and Mr. Cole subsequently occupied the court. After the game was over, the Prince went round the club. There is a roomy entrance-hall, and a handsome oak room, to be used as a reception-room. From this spacious galleries lead to the racquet and tennis courts, which are constructed on the best extant models. There is also an elaborate series of baths, Turkish, vapour, sitz, plunge, &c. The whole of these have been built by Mr. J. Smeaton, a grandson of the constructor of the old Eddystone Lighthouse; while the club itself, which includes a dining-room sixty feet square, has been executed by Messrs. Peto Brothers, from the designs of the architect, Mr. Bouchier. The club numbers over 800 members, including the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught.



John Roche, a farmer and miller of Woodford. A very voluble witness, who amused the Court by saying (for the twentieth time), "Will you allow me to explain, my Lord?" "No, don't," replied the President.



Father White, of Milltownmalay.—Sir Henry James: "How would the closing of the houses where refreshments were sold prevent a collision between the police and the people?" "I knew that if the shopkeepers did not transact business the people would not be likely to go into the town, and in their absence the police would not have any one to beat."



Father Egan.—Mr. Atkinson: "Then you and Father Coen, two Christian ministers, allowed your sense of offended dignity to stand in the way when a coffin was required for this wretched man, Finlay?" "It was not our duty to get a coffin for him."

THE PARNELL COMMISSION AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE
NOTES AND SKETCHES IN COURT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL

JUBILEE OF THE PENNY POST—
BAZAAR AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE

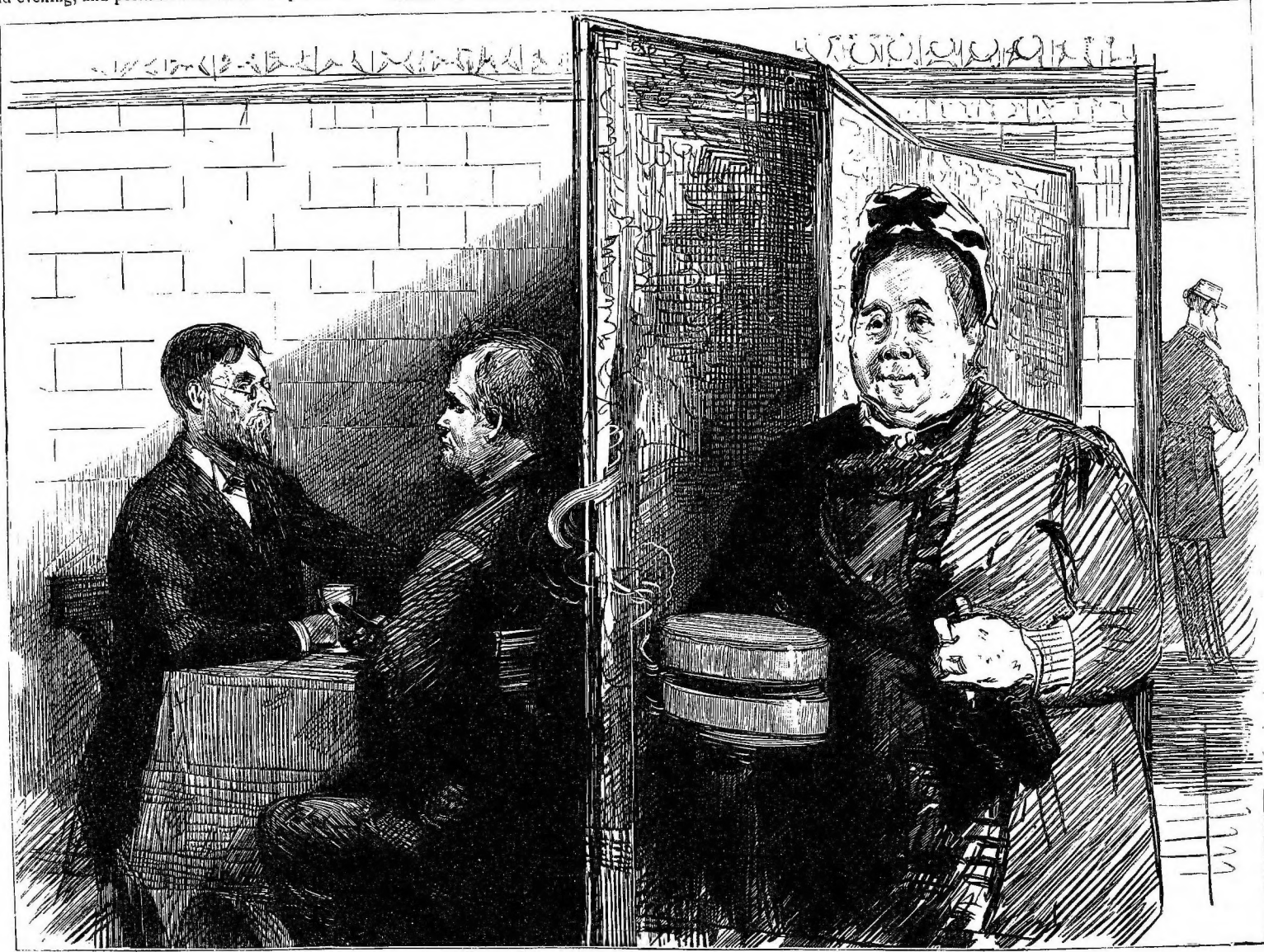
ON Wednesday in last week the Duchess of Edinburgh opened a bazaar at the Duke of Wellington's Riding School, Knightsbridge, to commemorate the Jubilee of the establishment of the Penny Post, and in aid of the funds of the Postmen's Rest Houses (London and seaside), St. Martin's League. The object of the League is to provide for the London letter-carriers and sorters (of whom there are about 700) houses of rest, where they may sleep, eat, or read in quiet, off duty. The stalls, tastefully draped in salmon-pink, were presided over by the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Wharnccliffe, Lady Romney, Lady Florence Marsham, the Dowager Lady Conyngham, Lady B. Lister Kaye, Mrs. Surtees, Miss Stanton, and others. The Duchess was extremely gracious, chatting to most of the stall-holders and making a large number of purchases—so many, indeed, that the members of her suite were unable to carry them, and the services of postmen were obtained to take them to her carriage. One of her purchases, illustrated by our artist, was a clever automatic bear, which caused considerable amusement as it opened and shut its mouth, rolled its head upward and sideways, and shambled up to the Duchess with the most comical bear-like gait. At the same stall H.R.H. purchased a monkey, which ran up a palm-tree and brought down a cocoa-nut. On the entrance of the Duchess, a pretty little girl, in white and blue, presented a magnificent bouquet of lilies of the valley to her. The bazaar was continued on Thursday and Friday, with entertainments by various professional and amateur performers during the afternoon and evening, and postmen sold verses in praise of

the Institution, with a facsimile of Muirhead's famous design for the Penny Post envelope; a copy, printed on satin, was presented to the Duchess of Edinburgh.
The Hon. Sec. of the League is Miss Cole, 96, Philbeach Gardens, S.W.

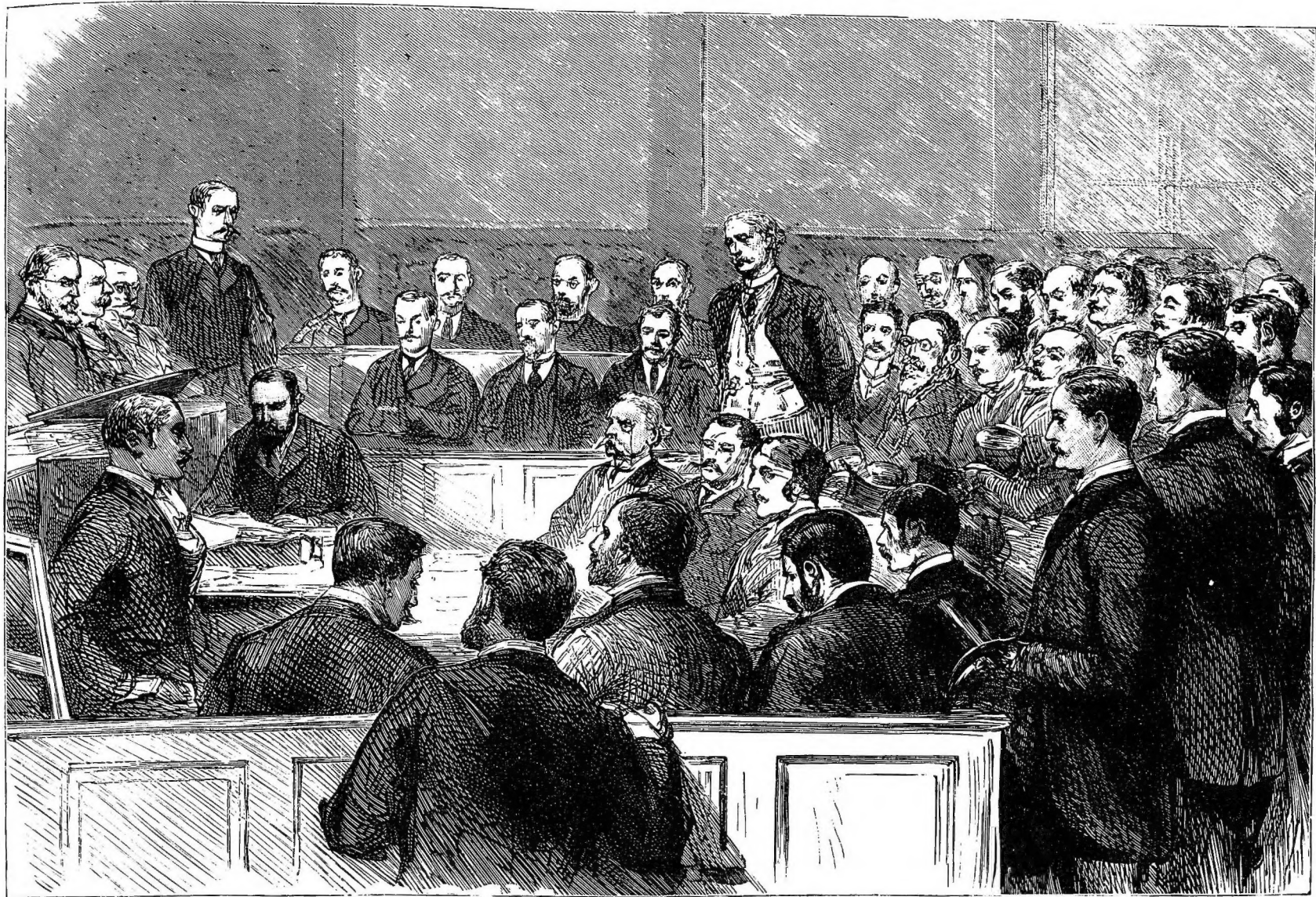
THE FIELD CLUB IN THE POLICE COURT

THE Marlborough Street Police Court has seldom been more densely crowded than on Monday, when the defendants arrested in the raid of Sunday week on the Field Club appeared before Mr. Hannay on remand. Mr. Wontner, who prosecuted for the Treasury, said that there were now hundreds of establishments in London, many of them small affairs, in which gambling went on, and the authorities were determined to put them down. Sketching the history of the premises, he said that they were formerly those of the Park Club, Jenks, the proprietor of which, had been fined 500*l.* for keeping a gaming-house there, the Committee of the Club being also fined a similar sum. From Jenks, Mr. Seaton, one of the defendants, appeared to have taken the premises, and, in association with a person named Barnard, to have started the Field Club, which, in April last, was converted into a limited company, nearly all the shares in it, however, being held by Seaton and Barnard. At this point the proceedings were abridged by an intimation from the legal gentleman representing Mr. Seaton and his Club *employés* that they would plead guilty, whereupon Mr. Wontner announced that he would not call any witnesses. Mr. George Lewis then made for his three clients the statement that Lord Dudley had not visited the

Field Club for eight months, that Lord Lurgan had been to it only thrice since last October, and that Lord Henry Paulet had been there at night also only thrice. He had been requested by the Countess of Dudley emphatically to deny as utterly baseless the report that she had given information to the authorities respecting the proceeding at the Club. Mr. Seaton's legal representative gave as one of the reasons why his client should be only lightly fined that, before the raid took place, it had been resolved to close the Club on the 14th inst., two days after his arrest. Mr. Hannay, however, imposed on Seaton the full penalty of 500*l.* for keeping a gaming house, and in default of payment imprisonment for three months. As a lesson to the more prominent of the Club *employés*, one of them was fined 20*l.*, and two other 10*l.* each. With regard to the noblemen and gentlemen charged with gaming no penalty was asked for, and they would be discharged. It would, Mr. Hannay said, be ridiculous for him to fine gentlemen of position 6*s.* 8*d.*, about a fourth part of the fine which he could impose on an urchin for playing pitch-and-toss in the street. He also remarked that playing at *baccarat*, the game in which these defendants were supposed to have been engaged, was not, like some other games of chance, made punishable in the Statute of George II. It could not well, we may add, have been otherwise, since this most dangerous of games at cards is of modern invention. The magistrate thought if society and Parliament were in earnest in putting down gambling, this game would be made punishable, since "if there were no custom, there would be no shops." Doubtless Mr. Hannay's hint will be taken up and acted on by some serious-minded member of the Legislature.



IN GENTLE BONDAGE
MRS. PRETTY (ATTENDANT IN THE LADIES' WAITING ROOM) TAKING LUNCH TO THE PRISONERS, MESSRS. W. O'BRIEN AND E. HARRINGTON, IN THE WITNESSES' WAITING ROOM



THE POLICE RAIDS ON LONDON GAMBLING CLUBS
THE ACCUSED MEMBERS OF THE FIELD CLUB AT MARLBOROUGH STREET POLICE COURT



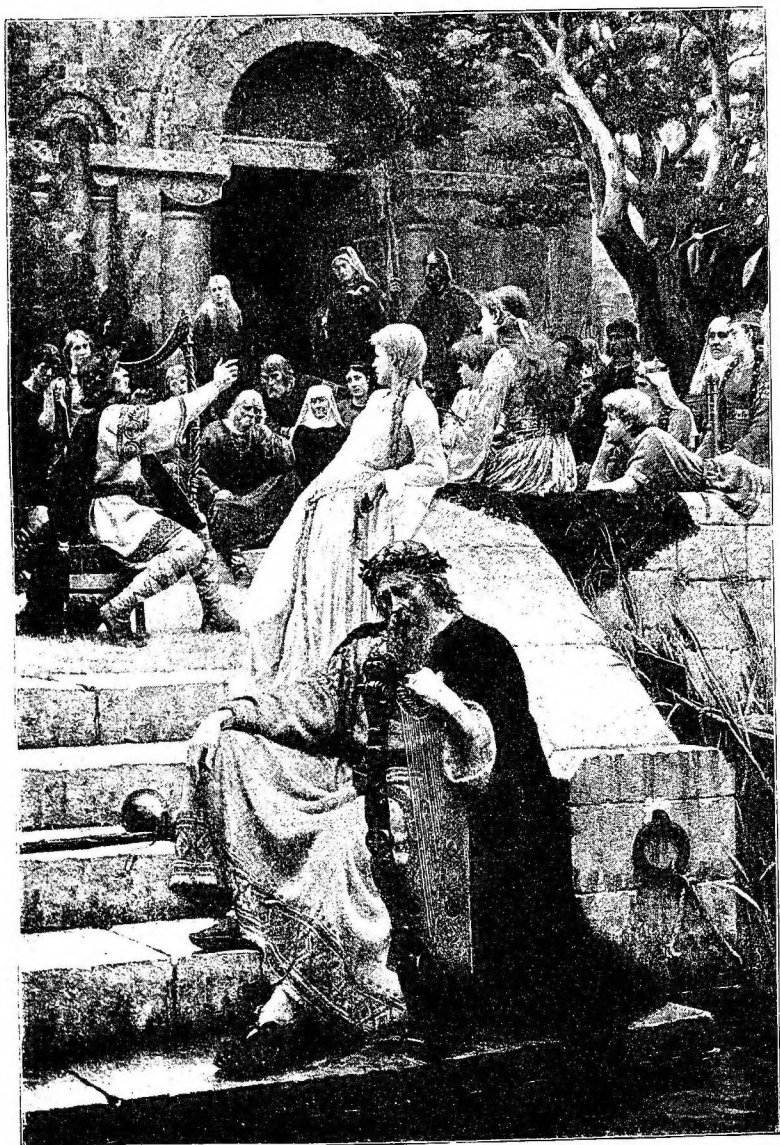
THE JUBILEE OF THE PENNY POST
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH BUYING AN AUTOMATIC BEAR AT THE BAZAAR AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE IN AID OF THE POSTMEN'S REST-HOUSES



WILLIAM F. YEAMES, R.A.

"HER ONLY ONE"

Royal Academy



F. BLAIR LEIGHTON

"FAME"

Royal Academy

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ARTHUR HACKER

"THE RETURN OF PERSEPHONE TO THE EARTH"

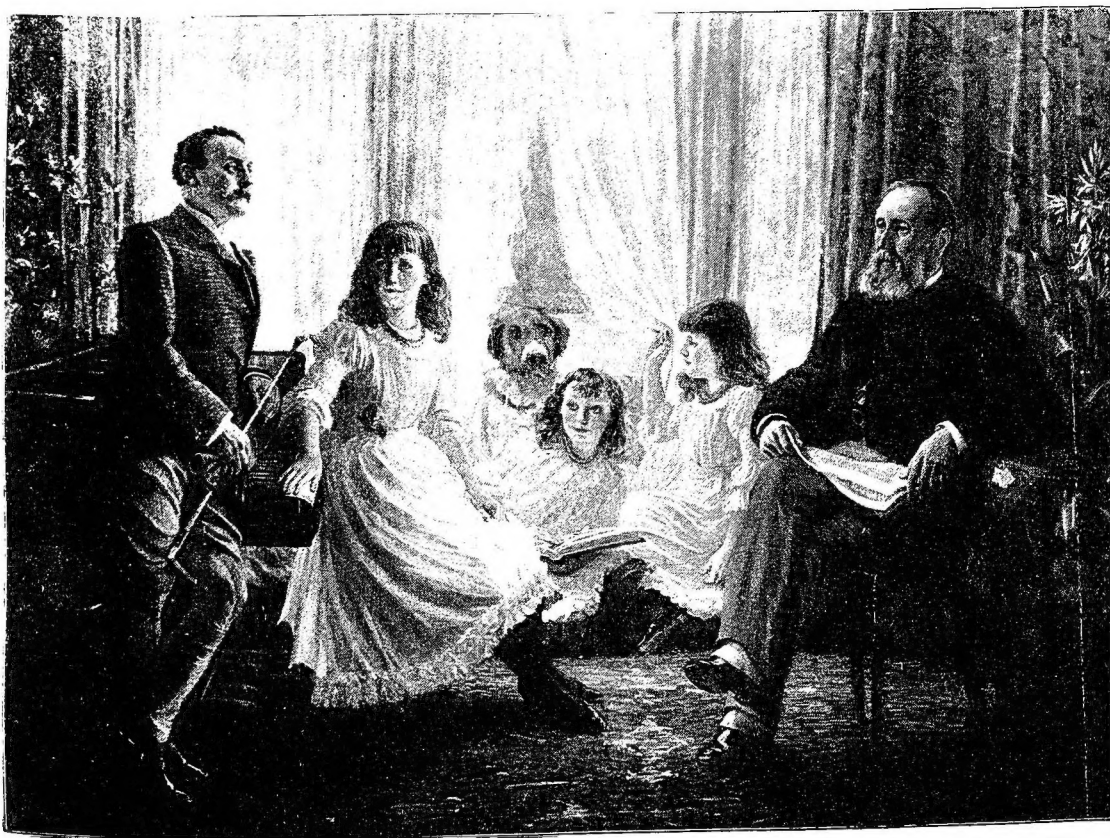
Royal Academy



G. D. LESLIE, R.A.

"SUN AND MOON FLOWERS"

Royal Academy



PHIL R. MORRIS, A.R.A.

"HOME: A FAMILY GROUP"

Royal Academy

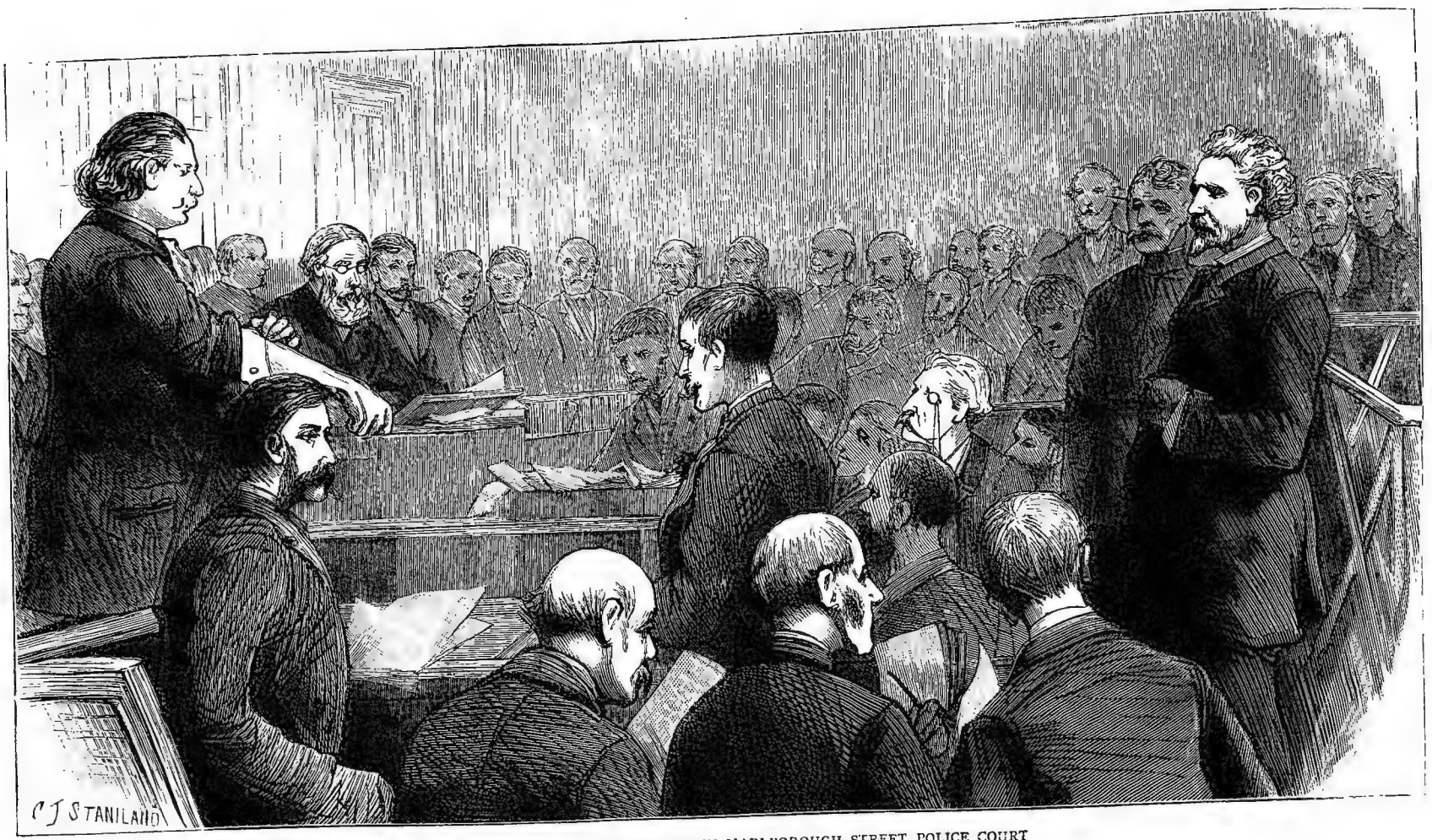


FRANK W. W. TOPHAM, R.I.

"THE DEDICATION OF SAMUEL"

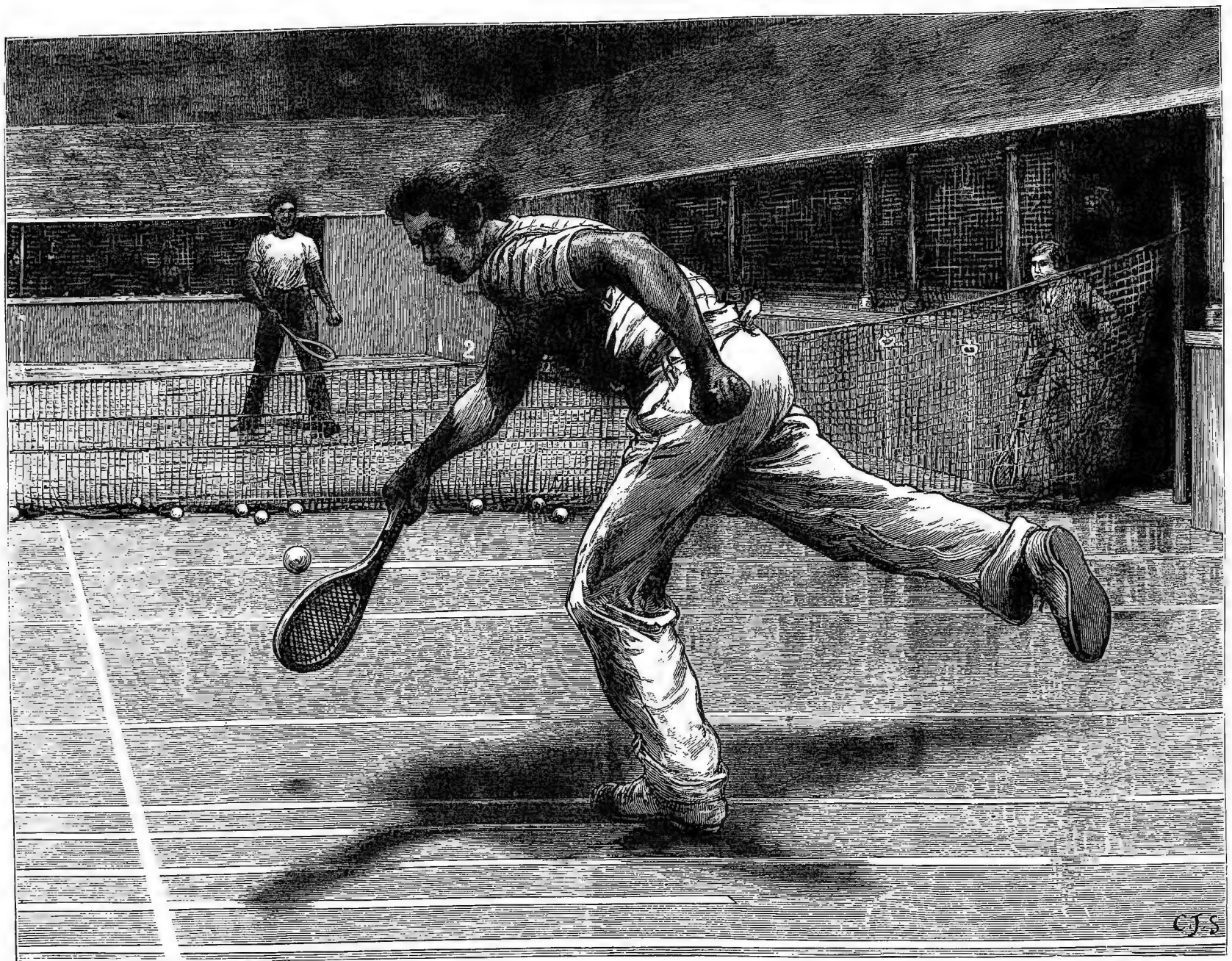
Royal Academy

THE NOBLE REDSKIN will soon lose his romantic identity, and become a prosaic American citizen, unless public opinion changes greatly in the United States. Little by little the white man "eats up" the traditional Indian hunting-grounds, and now the New York Legislature debate whether they will not destroy the Indian reservations in New York State, divide the land equally, put an end to tribal relationships, and invest the Indian with the rights of citizenship like his fellow-countrymen. The Indians strongly oppose the plan, having had dire experience of being cheated out of their lands after many fair promises. They cannot forget Oklohama, which, by-the-by, is turning out far less of a Promised Land than was expected. Crowds of disappointed boomers are re-crossing the frontier, having found the best land taken up and only sandy unprofitable grounds left. There are loud complaints that hundreds succeeded in living on the Territory before the opening, so that they secured the most favourable sections, while many of the Government officials are charged with similar unfairness. Many boomers sold all their property to get to Oklohama, and, as they cannot settle there, they are wandering about destitute. Those who obtained lots endured much suffering at first. Afraid to leave their claims lest others should take possession, they lay on the bare ground without shelter of any description, baggage being carelessly delayed on the railway. Bushes and sage-brush were the only fuel available on the sandy soil, and water was so scarce that the engineers even sold the precious fluid from their engines. The nearest creek to Guthrie was a small stream, strongly impregnated with alkali, and filled with decayed vegetation.



M. PILOTELL SHOWING HIS BRUISES IN MARLBOROUGH STREET POLICE COURT

THE SCUFFLE IN REGENT STREET BETWEEN M. ROCHEFORT AND M. PILOTELL



OPENING OF THE NEW PRINCE'S CLUB, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, BY THE PRINCE OF WALES
THE TENNIS MATCH BETWEEN MR. A. LYTTLETON AND C. SAUNDERS

M. BERGER

M. PAUL LOUIS GEORGES BERGER, the Director-General of the Paris Exhibition, and to whose untiring energy and wonderful faculty of organisation much of its success must be ascribed, is an engineer by profession, but is perhaps better known, for the past two and twenty years, as the leading spirit of the various world's fairs and minor exhibitions which have been held in Paris during that period. M. Berger was born in 1834, passed through the curriculum of the School of Mines, and for a time was one of the staff of the Northern Railway. As, however, he is a man of considerable means he did not stay long in harness, and, having a taste for travel, spent some years abroad, both in Europe and America. In 1867 he took a prominent part in the direction of the last Exhibition held under the Empire, and manifested such especial capabilities for that task that, in 1878, he was appointed Director of the Foreign Section of the great Exhibition which was held in that year. In 1881 M. Berger undertook the management of the Electrical Exhibition in the Palais de l'Industrie, which was in every way a brilliant success, and did much to further the knowledge and advance of electrical science. At the close of the Exhibition he was unanimously chosen President of the International Society of Electricians. When the Exhibition of 1889 was first talked of, M. Berger was looked upon as the man to undertake the organisation and management of the enterprise, and it is mainly due to his tact and fertility of resource that the numberless difficulties which threatened the success of the enterprise from the outset have been overcome. At first people at home and abroad were inclined to look askance at the Exhibition, which certain advanced Republicans declared was to celebrate the centenary of the French Revolution, with its subsequent Reign of Terror. By keeping the political aspect of the Exhibition as far as possible in the background, and resolutely putting forward the commercial and industrial features of the show, M. Berger has considerably alienated all prejudice at home, and has

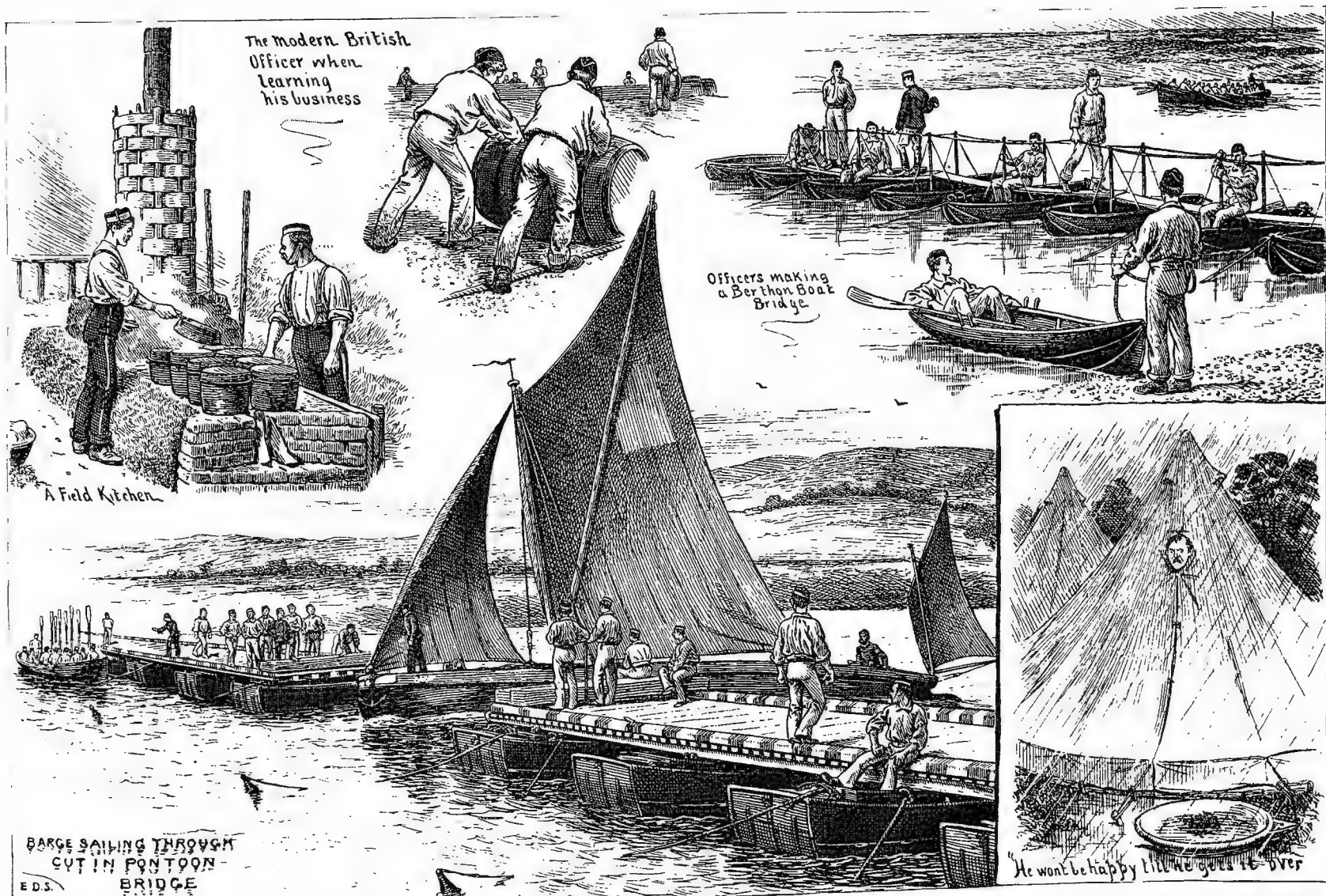


M. GEORGES BERGER
Director-General of Works at the Paris Exhibition

done much to lessen the distrust with which foreign Powers at first regarded so international a commemoration of the overthrow of French monarchy. Indeed it only needs a glance at the foreign sections to realise how well he has succeeded in his arduous task.—Our portrait is from a photograph by A. Liébert, 6, Rue de Londres, Paris.

WOULDHAM CAMP

EVERY summer a camp is formed near the small village of Wouldham, on the Medway, six miles above Chatham. This camp is formed of the training battalion of Royal Engineers, or of those men who are learning their sapper-work, is chiefly for the purpose of practising pontoon bridging, and lasts about three weeks. For a fortnight, a certain number of the young officers at the School of Military Engineering, or S.M.E., stay in the camp as well, and do exactly the same work as "Tommy Atkins." Their working-dress consists of the somewhat curious-looking duck blouse and overalls known as "jumpers," in which the officer in our first sketch is dressed. He is rolling up a cask to form a cask-raft for a bridge. The next sketch depicts the manoeuvre of forming a "cut" in the bridge to allow for the passage of the numerous barges which keep passing at high-tide. This operation is performed by breaking two pontoons out of the line, and hauling them to one side by means of their anchor cables, and sometimes occasions some excitement, as, if it is not done smartly enough, the barge may catch the bridge and swing it bodily up stream. A still more quickly-built form of bridge is that of "Berthon boat," which, as can be seen, will only bear men on foot. At the bottom the rather uncanny prospect of tubing in a driving rain is shown. The officers have a small permanent tin mess in the camping-field, but all the men's cooking is done in the field-kitchens, built up of sods and clay. The stay in camp teems with amusing incidents, and not the least common of these is the far from pleasant ducking in the slimy Medway mud.



BARGE SAILING THROUGH
CUT IN PONTOON
BRIDGE

FOREIGN

Miss Ada Douglas Wetherell, on Monday, at the Mairie of the Rue d'Anjou, where the Mayor took occasion to make a little speech sympathising with "the last of the Kings of Lahore," who had been "despoiled of his territories, and had found hospitality in France."

PARIS EXHIBITION ITEMS.—Although the public were admitted to the Eiffel Tower on the 15th, as promised, the lifts are not yet working, and will not all be ready before the end of next week. The Tower has been crowded, especially on Sunday, when the admission charges are reduced one-half. The *Figaro* prints a special edition on the second platform of the Tower, and one of the great amusements of the visitors is to inscribe their names in the visitors' book at the office. The *Figaro de la Tour* is a capital little sheet, giving Exhibition and general news. Three of the four restaurants on the first platform are open—Flemish, Russian, and English—the French *café* being the laggard, oddly enough. The Exhibition gets into order slowly, and the sections are opening one by one. The Pastel and Water-Colour Galleries have been inaugurated, and the Machinery Hall will in future be open in the evening, the lighting having been satisfactorily arranged. Every Sunday night the Exhibition will be illuminated by Bengal lights, while next Saturday there will be a repetition of the festival illuminations on the opening night. Various parties of foreign musicians are arriving, and the first concert takes place this week in the Trocadero Palace. Neither the entrance-arrangements nor the means of transport are as yet quite adequate to the crowds of visitors (last Sunday the visitors numbered 234,000), so fresh doors will be opened, and other improvements made. There has been a little excitement in the Egyptian section, where the donkey-drivers of the Cairo Street struck work owing to some of their number having been taken in charge for unruly conduct. The Consul set matters straight. An Exhibition Lottery has been organised of one franc tickets to be issued to the amount of 600,000. The proceeds will be devoted partly to buying some of the most remarkable exhibits to serve as prizes, and partly to defray the cost of provincial teachers, workmen, and farmers visiting the Exhibition. Theatrical managers complain bitterly that the Exhibition is already beginning to empty the theatres in the evening, and some even propose to shut up their houses during the summer. The *cafés* and restaurants take up the cry, asserting that not only the Parisians but the mass of foreign guests who were to produce so good a harvest prefer to eat and drink at the Exhibition as well as to enjoy the evening attractions there, leaving the Boulevards almost deserted. The malcontents suggest that the Exhibition should only be open three evenings in the week. A deputation waited upon M. Tirard on Tuesday, but he turned a deaf ear to their complaints, and replied that Paris was not so deserted at night as had been represented, and that the public could not be shut out of the Exhibition in the way proposed, if only for the fact that the contracts respecting restaurants and entertainments stipulated that the Exhibition should be open after dark.

From INDIA there is no news of importance. The Viceroy and Lady Lansdowne are in their summer quarters at Simla, and political matters are seemingly at rest. The chief point of anxiety just now is the drought, which will entail a large expenditure on relief works if it continues. Unless rain falls soon, great scarcity is expected in Bengal, while in the Ganjam district, Madras Presidency, people are already experiencing acute want, and cholera has broken out in epidemic form.—A distinguished native, Rao Sahib Mandlik, a prominent member of the Bombay and Imperial Councils, and the author of numerous standard books of Hindoo law, died last week.—For the first time in Indian history a native lady has delivered a public lecture—Doctor Miss Ratanbai Ardesir Malbarvala having delivered an address on lung physiology in Bombay.—Medals are to be granted to the soldiers who took part in the Sikkim and Hazara expeditions last year. From BURMA the news is, as usual, unsatisfactory. It is now officially admitted that the Tarpeng trade route from Bhamo to Yunnan is blocked by Kachyens, and that much cotton sent by Chinese merchants from Bhamo has been turned back. The *Rangoon Gazette* gives a deplorable account of the condition of the central district of Upper Burma. On both banks of the Irrawaddy, the people are so harassed by dacoits and officials that they are fleeing from the district in great numbers. The dacoits plunder them and the officials then punish and fine them for not capturing the dacoits who have pillaged them.

In the UNITED STATES, some sensation has been caused by the autopsy on the late Mr. Irving Bishop, who was stated to have died of catalepsy last week. A few hours after he had been pronounced dead the autopsy was held, as the doctors were anxious to look at the structure of his brain. His relatives have since declared that he was only in a trance, and that the doctors killed him in their undue haste. An inquest is being held, and the coroner having pronounced that the autopsy was illegally performed without proper consent having been obtained, the doctors in attendance have been arrested.—Dr. Cronin has not yet been found, and his friends, who believe he has been murdered, have offered a reward of 1,000*l.* for the discovery of the murderers, or of 400*l.* for evidence that he is still alive.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Shah was expected at St. Petersburg on Thursday. He was received with great ceremony at Moscow on Tuesday.—There were some terrible thunderstorms last week in SOUTH GERMANY and AUSTRIA, which caused numerous fatalities. A large number of villages were flooded, forests and vineyards were destroyed in Silesia, and one village was set on fire by the lightning, which also killed eight persons working in the fields near Boskowitz in Moravia.—In ITALY there have been serious agrarian riots, and the agricultural population is in a dangerous condition of discontent.—FRANCE has been proclaiming her sovereignty over the Islands of Rurutu and Rimotara in the Pacific. The war-vessel then proceeded to Rotohuna and Manuluki, but found that the natives had already hoisted the British flag.—At the opening of the Cape Parliament on Tuesday, General Smythe congratulated his hearers on the result of the recent Conference with the neighbouring States, which had resulted in the conclusion of a Customs' Union with the Orange Free State.—The Queensland Parliament was opened on Tuesday, and Sir Henry Norman referred to the complete break up of the drought, the prospects of a prosperous future, the success of the artesian wells, the increased gold-yield, the success of the rabbit-fence, the admission of the colony into the Federal mail contract, and the increased railway radius.



THE QUEEN received a further Jubilee offering at the close of last week. The German residents in England presented Her Majesty with a picture representing the late Emperor William of Germany on his last birthday welcoming the Princess Irene of Hesse as fiancée of Prince Henry of Prussia. The work was painted by Anton von Werner, and includes portraits of all the chief members of the Hohenzollern family. After giving audience to the German deputation the Queen entertained at dinner several members of the Diplomatic Body. On Saturday Her Majesty

visited Eton College, to lay the memorial stone of the new school buildings, an account of which is given elsewhere. In the evening the Provost and Head-Master of Eton, Drs. Hornby and Warre, dined with the Queen, the Hon. North and Mrs. Dalrymple also joining the party. Next morning Her Majesty attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Rev. W. Sinclair—Archdeacon of London elect—preached, and in the evening dined with the Queen. On Monday Her Majesty drove out with Princess Beatrice. On Tuesday morning the Princess gave birth to a son. Both the Princess and the infant Prince are doing well. Her Majesty's usual spring visit to Balmoral having been deferred, owing to the health of Princess Beatrice, the Queen spent her birthday at Windsor for the first time for some years. Her Majesty was seventy years old yesterday (Friday), thus exceeding in age all the British Sovereigns except George II. and III. and William IV., her immediate predecessor. The anniversary is to be officially kept to-day (Saturday), but it was to be celebrated on Friday at the Castle with the usual serenade and family dinner party. Her Majesty will probably leave or Scotland next week.—The Royal visit to Wales is eagerly anticipated, and the inhabitants of Merionethshire are preparing an address petitioning Her Majesty to extend her intended stay of three days, so as to visit a greater portion of the neighbourhood. Her Majesty will return from Balmoral in time to visit the Royal Agricultural Show at Windsor, on June 26, and to witness the parade of horses and cattle.—The Court has gone into three weeks' mourning for the Queen-Mother of Bavaria, and the State Ball arranged for Thursday has been deferred till Monday. Mourning, however, need not be worn by the general public at the forthcoming State Ball and Concert or the Drawing-Room.

The Prince and Princess of Wales on Saturday entertained at lunch the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres, with Prince Henri and Princess Marguerite of Orleans. Subsequently, the Prince of Wales and Prince George opened the new Prince's Racquet and Tennis Club at Knightsbridge, and witnessed the tennis match between the Hon. A. Lyttelton and Mr. C. Saunders. Prince George had previously received the freedom of the Fishmongers' Company, and lunched with the Prime Warden and Court at Fishmongers' Hall. In the evening the Prince of Wales gave a gentlemen's dinner-party, and afterwards adjourned with his son and guests to the Smoking Concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, the Princess meanwhile going with her daughters and the Duchess of Edinburgh to the Italian Opera. On Sunday the Prince and Princess, with their son and daughters, attended Divine Service, the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Louise calling at Marlborough House in the afternoon. On Monday the Prince presided at a special meeting of the Governors of Wellington College, and subsequently, as a Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece, invested the Duke of Edinburgh with the Collar of that Order by the express desire of the Queen Regent of Spain. In the evening the Prince went with the Princess to the Italian Opera. On Tuesday Prince Charles of Denmark and Prince George of Greece arrived at Marlborough House on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales. Yesterday (Friday) the Prince would unveil the Jubilee statue of the Queen at the Royal College of Physicians; while to-day (Saturday) the Royal party attend the trooping of the colours and other festivities in honour of Her Majesty's birthday. The Prince would also inspect the Metropolitan Fire Brigade on the Horse Guards Parade, and the Princess was to present medals to several members of the brigade. On Wednesday the Princess will hold a Drawing-Room on behalf of the Queen, and on Thursday or Friday the Prince and Princess will probably go to Kingston to congratulate the Comte and Comtesse de Paris on their Silver Wedding.—Prince Albert Victor has visited Ireland this week. He crossed from Stranraer to Belfast in the *Osborne* on Monday night, and on Tuesday opened the new Alexandra graving-dock.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh visited the Savoy Theatre on Monday evening.—On Wednesday the Duchess opened the Tenth Amateur Art Exhibition at Hyde Park, the proceeds are for the Parochial Woman's Mission. The Duke and Duchess will shortly leave for the Continent.—Princess Christian keeps her forty-third birthday to-day (Saturday).—The Duchess of Albany on Thursday opened a bazaar at the Knightsbridge Riding-School on behalf of the Kilburn Orphanage of Mercy.—Queen Mary of Bavaria, mother of the late Louis II. and the present King Otto, has died at the age of sixty-three. She was a Prussian Princess, and a convert to the Roman Catholic faith.



THE REPRESENTATIVES of the joint Committees of all the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, at an interview with Lord Salisbury, presented a memorial signed by 11,000 ministers and elders on the missions in Nyassaland and the action, actual and apprehended, of the Portuguese authorities towards them. Their fears that the Portuguese would lay violent hands on their mission-stations in that region were, Lord Salisbury assured them, groundless. He deprecated the conduct of the Portuguese in obstructing the transit through their territory of the arms which were needed by the British residents in Nyassaland in their gallant struggle against the Arab slave-traders. But other ways of forwarding arms and necessities might be discovered. What he could as Foreign Secretary do for them he would do. Nyassaland, however, was not British territory, and the great enterprise must be carried out by the ability and courage of Englishmen acting not in their corporate but in their individual capacity.

MR. GLADSTONE, acknowledging the receipt of a work on divorce by a Canadian author, writes to him thus:—"Reflection tends to confirm me in the belief that the best basis for law is the indissolubility of Christian marriage; that is to say, to have no such divorce or severance as allows re-marriage."

A MEMORIAL, very influentially signed by representatives of Art and Literature, has been presented to the London County Council protesting against the demolition of the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, which they pronounce to be "a most interesting and beautiful specimen of a particular and fine kind of architecture." Among the signatories are Sir J. E. Millais, Mr. Alma-Tadema, Mr. Robert Browning, and Mr. John Morley, M.P.

BISHOP TEMPLE appeals for financial support to the Bishop of London's Fund, partly in view of the sudden check given to the supply from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, so that, out of an income kept up with difficulty at 23,000*l.* a year, the administrators of the fund have not only to build churches, but to endow them. To-morrow (Sunday) sermons in aid of the Fund will be preached in many churches, and on Wednesday next a public meeting is to be held in Willis's Rooms, when the report will be read, and the position of the Fund explained.

ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS in support of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa were held on Tuesday, the Archbishop of Canterbury preaching at a festival service in St. Paul's Cathedral, the

THE visit of the King of Italy to GERMANY, and the extremely enthusiastic reception which has been accorded to him at Berlin, is looked upon throughout Europe as an event of considerable political importance, and as a further endorsement of the Tripartite alliance. The marked cordiality with which King Humbert has been received by Emperor William and his subjects is contrasted with the half-hearted welcome accorded to the Czar during his visit last autumn, and consequently the very warmth of the King's reception is interpreted as another hint to Russia that if she troubles the peace of Europe she will find a powerful combination arrayed against her. It is significant also that Austria has chosen the present time practically to proclaim martial law in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and also to remonstrate with Russia's protégé, Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, who has passed through Vienna on his way to St. Petersburg, upon the condition of brigandage on his frontier, while owing to rumoured disturbances in Macedonia an Austrian occupation of Novi Bazar is pronounced to be probable. That this condition of affairs is realised by Russia is manifest from the changed tone of the Muscovite Press towards France, with whom the *Novoye Vremya* now advises a sincere and solid friendship "to safeguard their common interests." To take up the actual thread of events, King Humbert travelled by way of the St. Gothard Tunnel, and on Monday was received by and lunched with the President and Vice President of the Swiss Federal Council and the Swiss Minister for Foreign Affairs. He then continued his journey to Berlin, where he arrived on Tuesday morning.

Emperor William, his two eldest sons, Prince Bismarck, and a host of dignitaries were at the Anhalt Station to welcome the King, who was accompanied by the Prince of Naples and Signor Crispi, and the two Sovereigns embraced warmly on meeting. The King and Emperor then entered a carriage and drove in procession to the Schloss. Their progress resembled a triumphal entry. The roads had been softened with sand and carpeted thick with evergreens interspersed with flowers, and were lined with a magnificent array of troops of all arms—bursts of cheering and martial music saluting the two Monarchs as they passed, while the civic authorities and general populace had done honour to the occasion by decorating the houses and buildings until they looked as if they had been tapestried with costly carpets and summer greenery and devices in festoons of shields and flags—among which the Italian Tricolour was, of course, pre-eminent. Here and there triumphal arches had been erected, while one great feature of the decorations, in front of the statue group of the Liberation-War, was an allegorical representation of the German-Italian alliance, in which a powerful Germania encircles a meek and trustful Italia with her right arm. In front of the Opera House King Humbert was greeted by the representatives of Art and Letters, who had put on the mediæval garbs of Germany and Italy for the occasion, and who sang "See the Conquering Hero Comes" as the procession approached. A lady in the costume of a Roman matron next recited some laudatory verses to the King, and then the procession moved on to the flag-bedecked Schloss, where the Empress was in waiting to welcome her Royal guest. A busy day was spent, the King and Crown Prince first paying various visits of ceremony, and subsequently driving with the Emperor to Charlottenberg, where they laid wreaths on the Royal tombs in the mausoleum. On Wednesday a grand parade of the Berlin garrison was held by the Emperor in the King's honour, the Emperor himself leading the troops past the saluting-point. The cordiality of the King's reception in Berlin has given much gratification to the Italians, and the Roman Chamber of Deputies has passed a special resolution to this effect.

The strikes in Westphalia have come to an end, owing on the one hand to the very decided language used by the King to the deputation of miners to whom he gave audience last week, and, on the other, to the pressure which has been exercised upon the masters to effect a compromise. The latter have now consented to accord the men a rise of from 20 to 30 per cent., on the basis of the old working-day of eight hours, and not to render overtime compulsory. This increase of wages means a considerable reduction of income to the masters, who are reckoned to have lost 1,200,000*l.* by the recent suspension of work. One company alone will have to lessen its dividend by 25,000*l.* owing to the increased wages. In Silesia and Saxony, the strikers still remained out at the time of writing, but it was expected that they would speedily follow the example of the Westphalians. Other topics have been a scene in the Reichstag on Saturday, when Prince Bismarck bitterly denounced the Liberal party, one of whose members cried "shame" at some statement the Prince made while speaking on the Aged Workman's Assurance Bill. A curious statement the Prince made, when advocating the formation of a large class of small rentiers drawing an income from the Empire. He declared "that such men have a human interest in the State," and that, "when I held Foreign Stocks, I found that I was biased in my judgment of the policy of the Government whose bonds I had, and I have for the last fifteen years abstained from possessing such securities. I wish to interest myself only in my own country." On Tuesday, the Prince gave one of his At Home lunches, at which several hundred notabilities were present. He made a semi-apology for his warmth of language in the Reichstag, remarking that he was excited, and that a speaker frequently said a word too much when his blood was up. "But when," he continued, "pfiui (shame) is shouted at a man, it is difficult to contain oneself. It is just as if somebody were to spit in a commanding officer's face in view of the assembled troops." The Envoys from Mandara have been received by the Emperor, and have executed various war-dances in all their native feathers and war-paint before the Royal Family.

FRANCE is wholly absorbed in her Exhibition and centennial celebration, and there is little or no political news. On Saturday the representatives of thirteen American Republics gave a grand banquet to the members of the French Government. The monarchical diplomatic representatives in Paris had been invited, but with the exception of the Belgian Ambassador all declined, and the gathering accordingly took the character of a thoroughly international Republican demonstration. The speeches, however, were in no way aggressive, but simple and graceful. M. Tirard saying that the "young Republic of old France was holding out both hands to the old Republic of young America," and M. Spuller making an eloquent eulogium of the Republic, though while welcoming to Paris and the Exhibition the "representatives of those nations which have attained what we Republicans consider as the ideal government of nations—that is to say the Republican Government;" he continued, "but we also receive with equal pleasure those who represent here the Governments of nations not in the enjoyment of that form of government which is the most perfect that can be given to peoples." On Tuesday President Carnot received Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the new United States Minister, who, in alluding to the fact that the United States had also celebrated the centenary of their Constitution, remarked that the Americans did not forget that French aid had led to the success of their revolution. Beyond Exhibition jottings there is little gossip, the chief item being the marriage of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh and an English lady,

effortory being devoted to the funds of the Mission. At one of them, presided over by Canon Scott Holland, the report presented stated that England having joined with Germany in a blockade of the coast the Missions in Zanzibar were being ruined piecemeal, the coast the Germans should take offence. On the mainland no station lest the Germans should take offence. A letter was read had been given up, and no work abandoned. A letter was read from the Bishop of London deprecating the withdrawal of the missionaries because their position was dangerous. This view was dissented from by Colonel Euan Smith, H.M.'s Consul at Zanzibar, who, while pleading the cause of the Mission, advised the temporary withdrawal of the missionaries from Magila. At an evening meeting the Mission cause in Eastern Africa was supported in a vigorous speech by Mr. H. H. Johnston, H.M.'s Consul at Mozambique.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Rev. R. E. Trefusis, Prebendary of Exeter, has been appointed by the Bishop of Exeter to the Stall in that Cathedral vacated by the Bishop of Marlborough.—The death is announced of Miss Lucy Baynes, known in Calcutta as Sister Lucy, who was trained in the Clewer House of Mercy, and has done valuable work since she left England in 1881 to take the superintendence of the Lady Canning Memorial Home, an institution in which native women are trained as nurses.—The Cambridge Senate, by the large majority of 97 to 23, have forbidden dog-cart hiring and driving on Sundays.—The Town Council of Middlesbrough, having adopted a resolution in favour of cremation, was called upon to rescind it at a meeting addressed by a local Vicar, when it was denounced as "an anti-Christian and unnatural practice."



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—It is rare that an opera season has opened before a more brilliant audience than that assembled for the performance of Bizet's *Les Pêcheurs de Perles* at Covent Garden on Saturday. Royalty, in the persons of the Princess of Wales and her three daughters and the Duchess of Edinburgh, occupied the Royal box. The various private boxes on the two "dress" tiers were crowded by noble and other personages well known in society who, indeed, overflowed into the stalls. The display of costumes and of diamonds might have excited a pardonable pang of envy in many a fair breast, and have reminded not a few of those present of some great social function rather than the commencement of a season of that once derided form of entertainment Italian Opera. In regard to the *Pêcheurs de Perles* no fresh description is now necessary. It was first produced at Covent Garden two years ago, when we dealt fully with its merits and defects. Bizet's melodies, even if not so fresh and captivating as those in *Carmen*, are always acceptable, but on the other hand the lack of dramatic power, the utter absence of human interest in the story and the composer's inexperience in writing for the stage were again apparent. This was hardly Bizet's fault. In 1863, when the opera was first (not very successfully) produced in Paris, he had but recently returned as a student from Rome. He could not choose a plot for himself, but was bound to accept without demur the nonsensical libretto which the manager handed him. Moreover, he was greatly under the influence of the music of Felicien David, Auber, and Gounod, combined with a strong infusion of Verdi, whose operas were then popular in Rome. Had he lived Bizet would doubtless have revised his work, and improved it in a musical sense, and there would then have been no need for M. Godard, Signor Mancinelli, or anybody else to touch up the last act, a process which as now effected may be an improvement, but is certainly not yet wholly satisfactory. So far as an adequate stage setting, an admirable orchestra, a powerful chorus, and two excellent artists (Miss Ella Russell and Signor F. d'Andrade) for the chief parts could make *Les Pêcheurs de Perles* successful, Mr. Harris had tried his utmost. On the other hand, the new tenor, M. Talazac, hardly did himself justice. His voice seemed worn, his stage presence was against him, and he was obviously nervous.

On Monday night, in *Faust*, a far more successful debut was made by M. Montariol, a young tenor of the Brussels opera, who, although not a faultless singer, has a good voice and is a capable actor. M. Winogradow found singing Valentine at Covent Garden a rather different matter to appearing in the *Demon* at the Jodrell; but the intelligence of the young Russian baritone carried him safely through the ordeal. Miss McIntyre, despite her delightful singing, was somewhat overweighted as Marguerite, while M. Castelmary, as Mephistopheles, and Madame Scalchi as Siebel, repeated old successes. The stage show, with its "special" chorus of one hundred and eighty voices, its crowds in the Kermesse, and its horses and soldiers in the scene of the return of the German Army, was again most imposing.

Carmen, on Tuesday, introduced Madame Marie Rôze in her engaging and refined impersonation of the heroine, Miss McIntyre as Michaela, and a new tenor, Señor A. d'Andrade who, if not free from the tremolo and other defects of the continental schools, is at any rate a capital actor. The artistic conducting of Signor Ardit, who knows how to support rather than to drown the voices of the singers, was likewise an agreeable feature of a very fair performance.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mr. Mapleson announces the opening of this theatre, on June 1st, with *Il Barbiere*, followed by *La Sonnambula*. His chief artists (most of them being new comers) are Mesdames Dotti, Sinico, Columbat, Gargano, Bank, Lussan, Pacini, Tremelli, Trebelli, and Bellincioni; Signori Sindona, Zanari, Frapelli, Warmuth, Lucignari, Palermi, Galassi, Darvell, and others. Mr. Mapleson states it is his intention to produce Bizet's *Fille de Perth*, founded on Scott's novel and originally given at the Paris Théâtre Lyrique on Boxing Day, 1867, but for the rest he will rely upon the ordinary repertory.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—The Prince of Wales, Duke of Edinburgh (for the first time since his illness), Prince George, and other Royalties, were present at the first concert of the Royal Orchestra on Saturday night, when M. Wolff gave a capital rendering of Wieniawski's *Valse Caprice*, and afterwards Mr. Lloyd sang from the *finale* from *Lucia*, and the orchestra performed movements from Moszkowski's "Aus alle Herrn Länder" and some overtures.—On Saturday, at the Crystal Palace, Mr. Manns directed a concert, the programme of which comprised Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor, a movement from the Scotch symphony, and Sullivan's *Merry Wives of Windsor* music, besides Liszt's *Fantaisie Hongroise*, played by Madame Caryll, and some songs.—On Saturday afternoon, the eminent Spanish violinist, Señor Sarasate, gave his second concert. He plays no work with greater charm than Mendelssohn's violin concerto, and despite the tremendous pace at which he took the *finale*, he once more excited the enthusiasm of the audience. M. Bernard's violin concerto was less appreciated.—On Monday, Dr. Richter announced a Wagner programme. No finer performance could possibly be desired than that of the prelude and closing scene from *Tristan*, Siegfried's "Death March," and the love-duet from *Die Walküre*, splendidly sung by Miss Anna Williams

and Mr. Lloyd. It was officially stated that the receipts exceeded 650*l.*, which was probably the largest sum ever taken at an orchestral concert at St. James's Hall.

MARRIAGE OF MISS HOPE GLENN.—The popular American contralto, Miss Hope Glenn, was married at the Presbyterian Church, Portman Square, to Mr. Richard Heard, an American journalist, last Thursday. Sir Arthur Sullivan "gave away" the bride, and a very large number of her professional friends and associates were among the congregation. Moreover, her compatriot, Madame Nordica, together with Miss Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Robertson and Plunkett Greene, sang the hymns and anthems with which the service was interspersed. The best effects were gained in the duet, "Oh, lovely peace with plenty crowned," from Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*, sung by the two ladies, and in Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Oh, God, Thou art worthy to be praised," admirably rendered by the quartet. After the ceremony the young people received their friends at their private house, and then went to Paris for the honeymoon. Madame Glenn will not quit the profession on her marriage.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The plethora of concerts is already having its effect in reducing the attendance at even the best performances. This, while concert-givers insist upon crowding their concerts into two months of the year, is unavoidable, and for a similar reason we can write only briefly of several performances which, under other circumstances, would demand greater attention.—Sir Charles Hallé, on Friday, introduced a pianoforte trio in E flat by the young Italian composer Martucci, who, some years ago, achieved success in London as a pianist. The trio is of the modern Italian school, that is to say, it is largely permeated by German influences, and while pretentious is not very interesting.—Miss Dora Schirmacher last week produced for the first time an *Allegretto* in C minor and two *Bagatelles* in C major and minor, written by Beethoven as a youth, but only recently published. They are small and somewhat trivial works, and it seems from the composer's sketch-book that the last was originally intended for the pianoforte sonata Op. 10, No. 1.—On Tuesday Herr Schönberger gave a recital and played sonatas by Beethoven and Schubert, and that excellent vocalist, Miss Alice Gomes, likewise gave a concert.—On Wednesday the well-known violinist, Herr Waldemar Meyer, gave a recital.—Concerts have also been given by Mr. Phillips, Madame Liebe Konss-Baylis, Madame Haas, the Misses Gibbs, Misses Austin and Hickman, the Misses Agabeg, M. Carli, Signor Romano, and many others.—A *matinée*, given by Miss Ethel Harraden and Mr. Herbert Harraden, the well-known composers of many very favourite songs, took place at Steinway Hall, on the 15th inst. Mr. Harraden sang some of his most humorous songs, and Madame Marian McKenzie sang a ballad, by Miss Harraden, entitled "If at your window, love."

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Albani arrived in London from America on Monday.—The popular vocalist, Miss Annie Marriot, will be married to the young tenor, Mr. Percy Palmer, on July 25th.—Mr. Santley was expected to make his debut in Melbourne in *Elijah* on Tuesday last.—Professor Stanford's setting for soprano and tenor soloists and chorus of Lord Tennyson's *Voyage of Meladune* will be produced at the Leeds Festival instead of the expected new choral work by Sir Arthur Sullivan.—The Princess Eugénie of Sweden, who recently died, was an excellent musician, and was the composer of a large number of songs and vocal duets.



MR. JOHN COLEMAN'S new drama at the OLYMPIC is unfortunately wanting in the vigour and freshness which characterise the author's novelettes. Mr. Coleman, who has reduced the prices of seats at this theatre, seems to have been desirous of providing a thoroughly popular kind of entertainment, to which end he has provided a sort of *pasticcio* of the tried and approved effects of melodrama, and unluckily *The Silent Witness* has made its appearance at a moment when there is a re-action against the conventionalities of pieces of this class, as shown by the comparative failure of the last novelty at the ADELPHI. Playgoers, in brief, are beginning to lose faith in the wicked earls, the bloodstained bank-notes, the persecuted maidens, the parents who to save themselves from ruin would bid their daughters discard the worthy but impecunious lover for the rich but wicked suitor, and the other familiar ingredients of this piece. It is to such causes, coupled with some unlucky samples of high-sounding phraseology put into the mouths of the leading personages at serious moments, that we must attribute the fact that the audience on the first night laughed, as Scrub said, "consumedly," where they were evidently expected to exhibit a far different mood. It is fair to say that the acting did something to redeem the shortcomings of the play. Mr. Gerald Maxwell, a son of the novelist best known at the circulating libraries as Miss Braddon, played a serious part with impressive force and self-restraint; and Miss Marie Stuart enacted a vivacious Scotch lassie to the life. Mr. John Chute, Mr. Frank Cooper, Miss Rose Meller, and other performers also distinguished themselves, and helped to keep the audience in good temper.

Mr. Cecil Raleigh's new play, *The Inheritance*, which was tried at a *matinée* at the COMEDY Theatre last week, is less naively conventional than the OLYMPIC piece; but it suffers from the diffuseness of its dialogue as well as from a certain want of concentration of its dramatic tact in setting forth the story, which relates to the evil machinations of a medical man who poisons a patient, his own brother, in the hopes of thereby retrieving losses on the turf. Mr. Royce Carleton played this part with a degree of sincerity which would have been very impressive in a more favourable setting.

Of two other new plays, produced at *matinées* last week, it is fortunately possible to give a more favourable account. Each is from a foreign source, the one brought out at TERRY'S Theatre, with the title of *The Grandisire*, being a translation in blank verse of M. Richepin's poetical play *Le Flibustier*, and the other, produced at the VAUDEVILLE, with the title of *Her Father*, being an adaptation, by Messrs. Edward Rose and John Douglas, of a drama by the popular Spanish playwright, Señor Echegaray. *The Grandisire* is a poetical and touching story of fisher life on the coast of Brittany. It was played in a truly poetical vein—more especially by Mr. George Alexander, whose portrayal of the honest high-spirited hero, who, by a subtle appeal to his compassion, is prevailed on to personate the long-missing grandson of the old Breton fisherman, was remarkable for its fine gradations of passion and its genuinely imaginative tone. Miss Calhoun also made an extremely favourable impression by her impersonation of the heroine. This young actress possesses the rare gift of a style essentially refined and natural without being wanting in romantic spirit. Mrs. Billington, Mr. F. Terry, and Mr. John Maclean were also in the cast. *The Grandisire* was repeated on Wednesday afternoon last, and will be given again at a *matinée* next Wednesday; but, for some unexplained reason, Mr. George Alexander's part has been transferred to Mr. Elwood.

Her Father is a drama of a more exciting and robust sort. Its leading idea is the conflict of feeling aroused in the breast of a young man on discovering that the murderer, or, rather, supposed murderer, of his friend, whom he has industriously tracked down, is

the father of the woman he loves. There are striking situations in the play, which exhibits a certain dramatic grip and force not very common in these days. Mr. Hermann Vezin, as the supposed murderer, played with even more than his wonted energy and declamatory power. There are some incidents in *Her Father* which border perilously on the absurd; but this is, on the whole, a strong play.

"Farewell, a long farewell," was the keynote of Mr. Wilson Barrett's performance at the PRINCESS'S on Saturday. Mr. Barrett, who appeared with Miss Eastlake and his company in *Ben-my-Chree*, is going to fulfil an engagement in the United States, which will begin in New York and Boston and ultimately bring them to San Francisco. Prices of stalls had been doubled for the occasion, yet the theatre was filled to overflowing by a thoroughly friendly and good-tempered audience.

Miss Grace Hawthorne is preparing to give a special *matinée* performance for the benefit of the National Association for the Employment of Reserve and Discharged Soldiers. The date is Thursday, 27th inst.

The production of Mr. W. Sapté's four act comedy-drama entitled *Marah* at the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre has been postponed to Friday, the 31st inst.

The season of French performances at the GAIETY will commence on Monday next with M. Coquelin and Madame Jane Hading in *L'Aventurière*. These performers will appear also in an extensive round of standard comedies, pending the advent of Madame Sarah Bernhardt.

Mr. Hurst's new play, which is to be brought out at the GRAND Theatre, is to be called *Asop's Fables*. Mr. Penley, Miss Alma Murray, and Mr. Giddens will take part, or rather parts, in the performance.

The SHAFTESBURY Theatre has been taken by Messrs. Willard and Lart, who will open on June 8th with a revival of *Jim the Penman*. Lady Monckton will, it is expected, resume her original character.

The cleverness of Mr. J. W. Pigott's play *The Bookmaker*, recently tried at a *matinée*, naturally awakens hopeful expectations in regard to his new comedy drama entitled *Which Wins?* to be tried at TERRY'S Theatre on June 12th. Miss Lingard will play the heroine.

Mrs. Billington, having returned from her professional tour in the United States, has resumed her classes on elocution and the dramatic art, with special recommendations from Mr. Irving and Mr. Toole. Mrs. Billington is one of the few actresses who have made a systematic study of the art of giving effect to their words upon the stage.

Mr. Sydney Grundy's new play *A White Lie* is to be produced at the COURT Theatre this (Saturday) evening.



SIR GEORGE S. BAKER, of the Western Circuit, Recorder of Helston, has been appointed Recorder of Barnstaple and Bideford, in succession to Mr. C. J. Murch.

THE long-talked-of action for wrongful dismissal, brought by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, late editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, against Mr. H. H. Gibbs, its former proprietor, was tried, on Tuesday, before Mr. Justice Denman and a special jury. The Solicitor-General led for the plaintiff and Mr. Finlay, Q.C., for the defendant. The plaintiff had edited the paper from the year 1880, and, in 1888, when it was the property of the defendant, he was receiving a salary of 1,100*l.* a year, to which he had voluntarily reduced the 1,300*l.* payable under the original agreement. In the spring of 1888 Mr. Gibbs was negotiating the sale of the *St. James's* to a German gentleman, a Mr. Steinkopf, to whom he had been introduced by the plaintiff, and, on the 1st May of that year, he gave Mr. Greenwood a twelvemonth's notice, subsequently paying him 325*l.* for a quarter's salary up to the 31st July. Although the transfer had not been formally completed, Mr. Steinkopf and Mr. Greenwood seem to have co-operated in the conduct of the paper during the summer. But in the interval Mr. Greenwood, according to his own account in the witness-box, entertained suspicions that under its German proprietor the paper was to be made unduly subservient to the German Government, and resigning the editorship on the completion of the transfer to Mr. Steinkopf at the end of July, 1888, he claimed 975*l.*, which added to the 325*l.* received, would make up a year's salary at 1,300*l.* The defendant pleaded, among other things, an understanding that the plaintiff was to be employed by Mr. Steinkopf, who was ready to employ him on terms more favourable than his own, and that he had unreasonably quitted that employment. By way of suggesting that Mr. Greenwood had no objections to entering into political relations with the German Government, two decidedly curious letters were read which had been received by him in May, 1888, from Mr. Steinkopf, in which the latter spoke of interviews with a person called sometimes R., sometimes Rothenburg, whom Mr. Steinkopf in cross-examination described as a sort of private secretary to Prince Bismarck. In one of these letters Steinkopf said, "I have 'shown your' letter to R—, who has expressed his and B—'s (Bismarck's) entire satisfaction, and their readiness to work with us in a thorough manner." In another of these letters Mr. Steinkopf retailed from a conversation with these letters the following not uninteresting piece of gossip: "Salis-Rothenburg the following not uninteresting piece of gossip: 'Salis-Rothenburg seems to be in good odour. He was 'not well' last year, but he is much better now. When Randolph Churchill was here he was very anxious to be received at Friedrichsruhe, but did not succeed, and Prince B— actually delayed his return to Berlin to avoid the appearance of having come to see him.' In cross-examination Mr. Steinkopf stated that he had paid 13,000*l.* or 14,000*l.* for the *St. James's Gazette*, and in re-examination he declared emphatically that the only "consideration" which he was to receive from the German Government was the communication of early news. Ultimately the jury were unable to agree on a verdict, and were discharged.

THE CASE, important to bankers, of Vagliano Brothers v. the Bank of England, was reported in this column when tried before Mr. Justice Charles. A clerk of the plaintiffs had obtained the genuine signatures of his employers to bills of exchange, and forged indorsements of them by firms with which they did business. The Bank of England paid the forged bills to the amount of 71,000*l.*, and, after he had squandered the money in Stock Exchange speculations, his roguery was detected, and he was sent into penal servitude. The plaintiffs claimed from the Bank of England the return of the large sum of which they had thus been defrauded, and Mr. Justice Charles gave judgment in their favour on the ground that the payees whose endorsements had been forged were real, and not in the words of the statute "fictitious and not-existing." The Bank of England appealed, and by a majority of five to one—that one being, however, the Master of the Rolls—the Court of Appeal have affirmed Mr. Justice Charles's decision, and dismissed the appeal with costs. In the judgment to this effect, stress was laid on the fact that while the officers of the Bank paid the bills,



MR. H. B. INCE, Q.C.
Born 1830. Died May 7, 1889



DR. BENJAMIN HALL KENNEDY
Famous Classical Scholar, and for many years Head Master of
Shrewsbury School
Born 1804. Died April 6, 1889



MR. CROSSLEY
A Celebrated Educational Pioneer
Died April 29, Aged 89



THE CASTLE FROM THE GARDENS
OPENING OF THE CASTLE GROUNDS, NEWARK, AS A PUBLIC GARDEN



THE CASTLE
OPENING OF THE CASTLE GROUNDS, NEWARK, AS A PUBLIC GARDEN



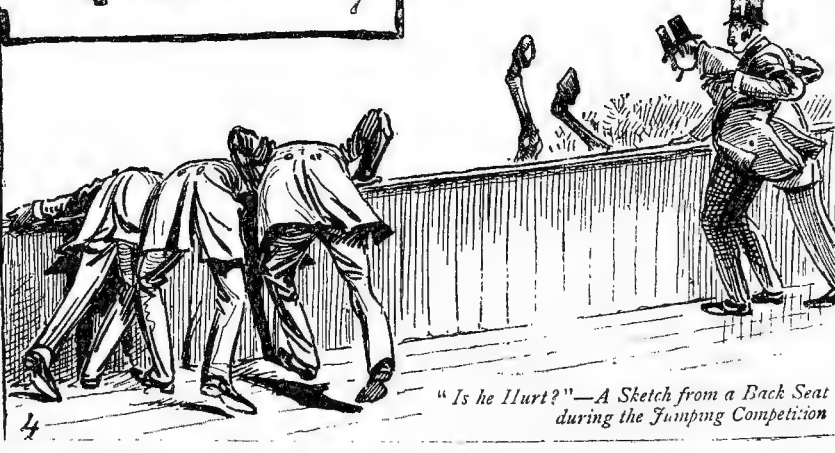
Hacks Waiting to be Scanned by the Judges



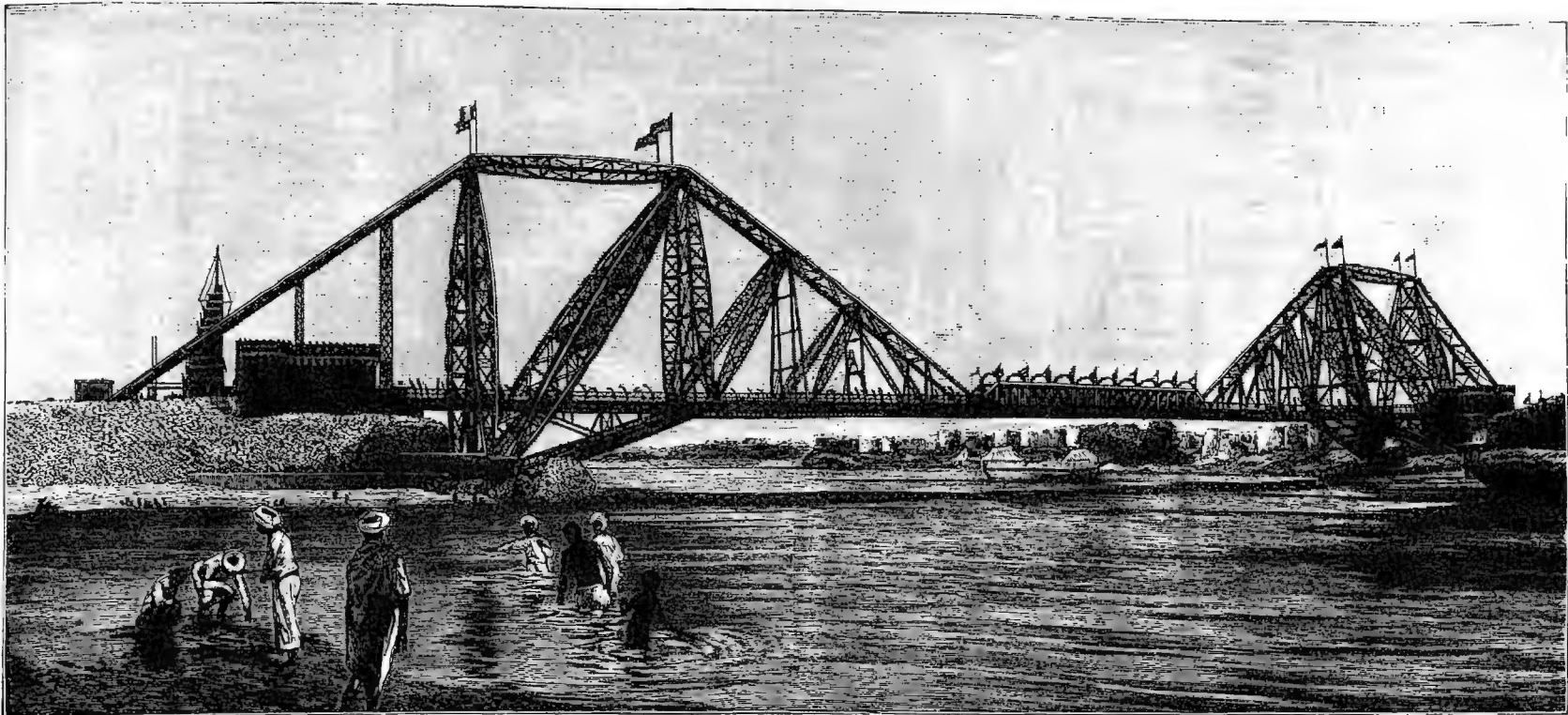
"The Tiny Miles"



"Ware Judges"—An Incident in the Ring



"Is he Hurt?"—A Sketch from a Back Seat during the Jumping Competition



GENERAL VIEW OF THE BRIDGE



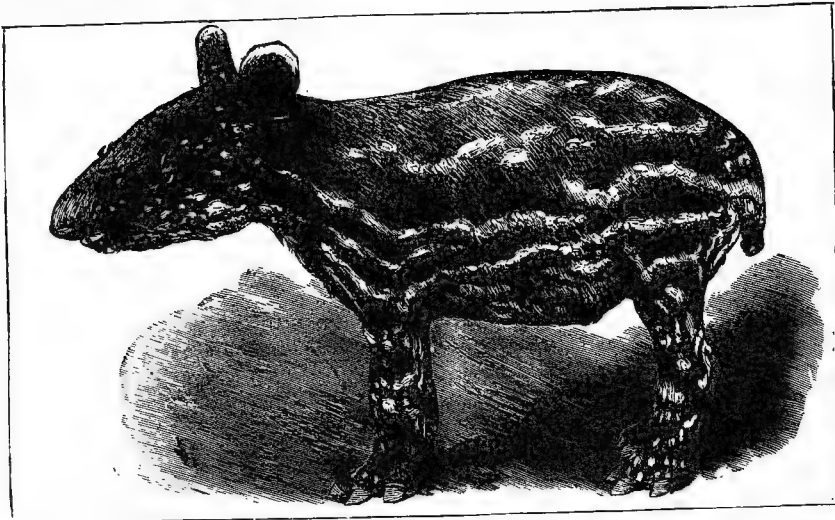
Bishop of Lahore Mr. C. H. Pritchard Colonel Wallace Lady Reay Lord Reay Mr. Robertson, Superintending Engineer

OPENING OF THE LANSDOWNE BRIDGE OVER THE INDUS, AT SUKKUR, INDIA, BY LORD REAY
A Cantilever span of 790 feet, being the largest structure of the kind in the world with the exception of the Forth Bridge

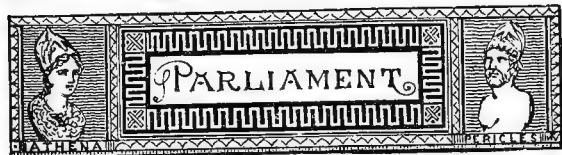
across the counter to a man whom they did not know, it was proved that the usual course of business was for bankers not to pay bills of such heavy amount except through a banker, and the defendants' neglect of this precaution contributed materially, in the opinion of the Court, to the success of the fraud.

A JAVANESE TAPIR

THE tapir is generally classed as an inhabitant of Central and South America, but one species occurs in Malaysia, and zoologists consider that this distribution shows that at some former period of the world's history tapirs ranged all over the intervening countries through China, Kamtschatka, and North-West America. In fact, the handy little guide to the British Museum collection tells us that a fossil Chinese tapir has been discovered in which the teeth are so perfectly preserved as to show that the species can only have recently



become extinct. Of the five species of tapir known, the Malayan has a white back, while the rest are nearly uniformly black when adult, though all when young are marked with longitudinal stripes of yellow or white. The tapir is a swamp-loving animal, and an excellent swimmer and diver. It is a thickest animal with short ears, with the nose elongated into a short prehensile proboscis. Fossil tapirs' bodies are found in deposits of the Upper Miocene age, and they belong therefore to one of the oldest existing types of mammals. The specimen we illustrate was given to Sir Cecil Smith, K.C.M.G., Governor of the Straits Settlements, by the Yan Tuan of Minggan.



PARLIAMENTARY business is going forward, just now, in a way to delight the hearts of Ministers. There are no brilliant *lours de force*, no unexpected carrying of Bills at single sittings, nor any rush of votes through Supply. But, on the other hand, there is an increased degree of abstention from anything like obstruction, and, though there is no lack of talk, it is every day wound up to "Something accomplished, something done." The Irish Members have practically retired into the background. Even Mr. Sexton, most insatiable of word-spinners, has of late spared the House. He came back shortly after the Whitsun Recess, and straightway began his too familiar process of piling question on question. His manner is to place an argumentative question on the paper. When this has been courteously and laboriously answered by the Minister, he rises again, and with the preface, "arising out of the answer," puts another question, and yet another, with another to follow. Being in his place at question time, he is not even now able to resist the temptation to keep his name and his personality before the public, and, whilst he remains Lord Mayor of Dublin, to enjoy to the fullest extent the privilege of being addressed in the House of Commons as "the right hon. gentleman." But the House of Commons has learned to be thankful for small mercies, and if Mr. Sexton appears only once or twice at the question hour it is grateful.

For the rest, Mr. Parnell is hardly ever seen in his place. He generally looks in on his way from the Court, where the Commission of Judges sits, sees one or two friends in the lobby, takes his letters, and disappears. Mr. Healy, though in attendance just now, is very quiet, and Mr. Biggar only comes to the front in the last moments of successive sittings, when, the time for dealing with opposed business being past, he mounts guard to see that none of his many friends, in various parts of the House, shall by chance or good luck get forward a stage with their Bills. Even Mr. Labouchere, yielding to the prevailing influence, has somewhat subsided. Thus it comes to pass that the House of Commons, always respectable, is just now a trifle dull.

In the Lords even less is stirring, and their lordships, weary of the monotony of assembling at a quarter-past four, gossiping till half-past, when public business begins, despatching public business in five minutes, and so home to prepare for dinner, are grateful to the Lord Chancellor for giving occasion for an approach to animated conversation. This happened on Monday night, when Lord Meath brought forward a Bill designed to establish the right of women to sit as County Councillors. The subject seemed to have deeply stirred their lordships, there being over a hundred members present when Lord Meath rose to move the second reading. Amongst the Peers sat the Prince of Wales, and the Archbishop of Canterbury headed a considerable contingent of Bishops. Lord Fortescue had given notice of his intention to move the rejection of the Bill, and there were other Peers who evidently had something to say. It was expected that the division might take place about seven o'clock, leaving just time to dress for dinner, and upon that understanding many Peers deferred their arrival on the scene.

When Lord Meath had made an end of speaking the Lord Chancellor rose to put the question. There sat Lord Fortescue, with hand to ear, waiting for the signal to rise. As everybody knew—for it was writ large on the Order-book—Lord Fortescue intended to move the rejection of the Bill, and had prepared himself with what was a valuable speech. The Lord Chancellor, however, animated by the honest conviction that the proposal was so foolish that it did not need debating, rattled out the formula of putting the question, running right through, without giving Lord Fortescue, "a little blind and a little deaf," as he plaintively urged, an opportunity of interfering. Before the House knew where it was, or what had taken place, the Lord Chancellor had put the question that the Bill be now read a second time, and declared that "the not-contents

had it." Lord Fortescue, mastering with difficulty the position, protested against this whirlwind procedure, and Lord Granville and Lord Kimberley claimed at least the right of dividing. The question was put over again, and every one expected that Lord Fortescue would now make his speech. But the noble lord was too much upset to seize the opportunity, the House divided, and the Bill was rejected by 108 votes against 23.

The Sugar Bounty Bill, last week regarded as dead, has this week had a sudden and somewhat startling recovery. Baron de Worms, in reply to a question as to the precise situation of the negotiation, announced that "Her Majesty's Government is fully alive to the importance of maintaining the Sugar Convention signed by seven out of the eight great bounty-giving Powers, and accepted in principle by the eighth." What made this declaration the more important was the fact that it was made in reply to a question coming from a friendly quarter, and was read out by the Under-Secretary from manuscript. The House accepted the incident as an opportunity deliberately and voluntarily chosen by the Government of making it known to whomsoever it may concern, that the common impression was wrong, and that they certainly had not abandoned the Bill. This demonstration from the Treasury Benches naturally led to a reopening of the fire from the Front Opposition Bench. Questions on the Sugar Convention have reappeared on the Orders, and form a prominent feature in the early proceedings of each night's sitting. But even this does not disturb the serenity of the Parliamentary atmosphere, which is as serene as that which floods the precincts of Westminster in this bright May weather. As soon as the Sugar Question is got out of the way, the House resumes its placid aspect, and goes on with business.

Thus two of the principal measures of the Session have already left the House of Commons, and are landed in the safe haven of the House of Lords. These are the Naval Defence Bill and the Budget Bill, both of which were at one time threatened with serious and even dangerous opposition. Both in respect of Lord George Hamilton's measure, and that of Mr. Goschen, there were alive in various quarters of the House elements of opposition which, boldly gathered together, and unscrupulously led, might have placed the Government in a quandary. Whilst no one was enthusiastic for either the Naval Defence Bill or the Budget Bill, there were in each case little coteries actively opposing it. The Budget Bill had enemies on the Ministerial side because of an increase in the beer duty and the rearrangement of the death duties; whilst on the Opposition benches it was criticised on account of its financial heresy in extending the charge for naval construction over future years, and because it did not go far enough in equalising the burden of taxation between realty and personality. In the same way the Naval Defence Bill was opposed on one side because it did not go far enough, and on the other because it went too far; whilst there was a third party that ridiculed it as a sham which, making a great splash, and purporting to demand enormous sacrifices to ensure the efficiency of the Navy, really spent only a small additional sum, and that in a wasteful manner.

Here were materials for a dangerous combination against the Government which, with some leaders—Lord Randolph Churchill, for example—in Opposition, might have had direful consequences. But Mr. Gladstone showed no warlike enterprise, contented himself with delivering a few speeches, rather academical in their character, and the Government pressing steadily forward got their Bills through.

On Thursday the Scotch Local Government Bills were taken up for second reading with intent to press forward day by day till this stage is taken.

On Wednesday Sir Joseph Pease moved the second reading of the London Coal Dues Abolition Bill. Mr. Baumann suggested that the procedure was out of order, and that the matter should be dealt with in a private Bill. But the Speaker ruled otherwise, and discussion proceeded. At first Mr. Matthews, speaking from the Treasury Bench, opposed the Bill, but after some talk a suggestion by Mr. Courtney to refer the measure to a Hybrid Committee was agreed to by Mr. Smith, and on this understanding it was read a second time by 264 votes against 104. The Government not regarding the question as a vital one, Ministerialists were left to vote as they liked. Mr. Ritchie and Sir M. Beach voted for the Bill, but all the other occupants of the Treasury Bench present voted against it.



THE TURF.—Dazzle won the Spring Handicap plate for the Duke of Montrose at Doncaster on Thursday last week from a field of twelve, which included King Monmouth, Hazelhatch, and Wellington. Prince of Tyre added the Hopeful Stakes to his list of successes, and Yorkshireman secured the Zetland Plate. Neither of the last-named, however, was able to beat Bonaventure in the Fitzwilliam Stakes next day. The Surrey Stakes went to Lyddington, and the Chesterfield Handicap Plate to Flower of the May, Tissaphernes, the favourite, only getting third. The sport at Lewes was disappointing on the whole. Excursion won a couple of races, and Ratton secured the Aberavenny Stakes. At Plumpton, where there was some mild sport on Saturday and Monday, Doubtful and Charming Nancy each won two races.

The Newmarket Second Spring Meeting was far more interesting this year than usual, owing to the fact that the recently-established Newmarket Stakes of 7,500 sovereigns were run for on Wednesday. Some feared that the establishment of so valuable a race between the Two Thousand and the Derby would be fatal to the interests of both, but such has not proved, this year at any rate, to be the case. In spite of his defeat, by Enthusiast, in the Two Thousand, Donovan was made a hot favourite, and soon after the seventeen starters were despatched he was seen to have the race in hand. Neither Minthe nor Enthusiast showed very prominently, while Pioneer, having sustained a slight accident to his foot, did not run. The Duke of Portland, besides the first money of 6,000*l.*, took the second also of 1,000*l.*, with The Turfophone; Laureate was third. Donovan's price for the Derby at once came from 9 to 4 against to 100 to 8 on. Of the other races at Newmarket, the Exning Plate fell to Semolina, and the Somerville Stakes to her half-sister, Signorina, while Felix took the Newmarket Handicap.

George Barrett headed the list of winning jockeys last week with a score of thirty-one victories. His brother Fred and T. Loates ran a dead-heat for second place with twenty-eight each.—The suggested

alterations of the Rules of Racing were published last week, and seem for the most part to be improvements. They have not yet been submitted to the Jockey Club.—The weights for the Manchester Cup were published last week. Goldseeker was honoured with the heaviest impost, 9st. 7lb.

CRICKET.—The Cambridge Eleven, which suffered such a severe defeat at the hands of Mr. C. I. Thornton's England Eleven last week, did much better this week against the M.C.C. At Oxford, on the other hand, where, chiefly owing to a fine innings of 112 by Mr. Philipson, the Perambulators beat the Etceteras last week, the University Eleven made a very poor show against the Gentlemen of England. Despite the good bowling of Dr. W. G. Grace, the M.C.C. were defeated by Sussex, and they have since succumbed to Derbyshire. Sussex, on the other hand, have fallen victims to Notts, for whom Shrewsbury, playing more freely than usual, knocked up 104 runs—the first first-class century of the season. Talking of centuries, by the bye, Lohmann did a remarkable feat in the match between Surrey and Essex. When Surrey's ninth wicket fell the total was only 153, but, by clean hitting on the part of Lohmann (105) and careful play on the part of Sharpe, his partner (38 not out), the score was raised to 302 before the last wicket fell. The first of some five or six North v. South matches, which are arranged for this season was played last week at the Oval. The Southerners made no show against the bowling of Briggs, Peel, and Attewell, and were beaten in an innings. Attewell bowled no less than 46 maidens out of 68 overs, and took 10 wickets for 35 runs. Much discussion has been going on during the week over the question as to whether or no Mr. Spofforth should be allowed to represent Derbyshire this year. Some of the counties were inclined to let the law, which insists on two years' residence, be suspended on this occasion, but the Surrey committee were obdurate, and consequently the great bowler will only play against Yorkshire, which had accorded him an unconditional permission.

AQUATICS.—There is a chance, after all, of a race this year for the America Cup, as Lord Dunraven has accepted the conditions of the New York Yacht Club.—Wallace Ross and Walter Laycock (brother of Elias) have arrived in this country, and Searle and O'Connor are expected. The sculling season is likely, therefore, to prove exceptionally interesting.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Chess Congress Tournament in New York, which has been going on so many weeks, was to be finished on Wednesday, when M. Tschigorin, the Russian champion, and Herr Weiss, Vienna, were to play for the first prize; Mr. Gunsberg, London, was third; and Mr. Blackburne, who for a long time was leading, fourth.—The Catford Cycling Club held a tournament on Saturday, when the principal feature was a series of quarter-mile dashes, which have the advantage for the spectator that the "waiting" tactics, so frequently indulged in in cycle-races, cannot be adopted. Mr. Osmond did the distance once in 37 secs. (record).

A CENSUS OF HORSES is being taken in Paris, in order to give the authorities some idea of the animals available for military purposes, should need arise. At the last census Paris contained 98,000 horses and 38 mules.

A TEA-STRIKE greatly agitates the inhabitants of Hangchow, China. In order to raise money for the famine-stricken, the Government has taxed every cup of tea sold in the shops, and the proprietors have accordingly refused to submit, and have closed every tea-house in the city. The Chinese are highly incensed at being deprived of their favourite beverage, and there have been several riots on the subject.

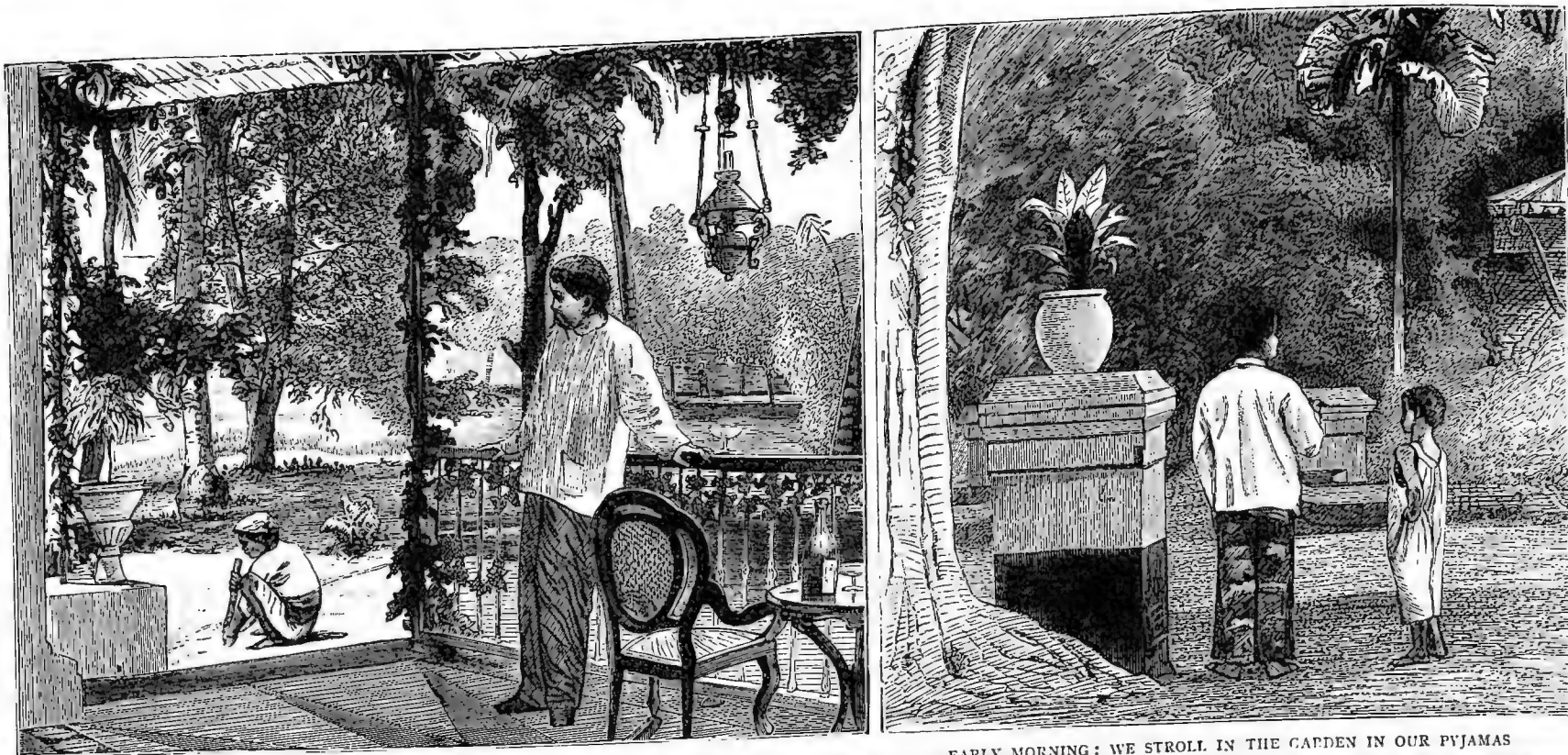
AN OLD MAIDS' CLUB at BERLIN has just come to an untimely end. The Society was started in 1880, with nearly thirty members, each of whom agreed to pay a fine of 1,000 marks (50*l.*) if she were weak enough to marry. At first the spinsters kept to their colours; but little by little they married off, till now only one is left single, and she inherits the fines, amounting to 1,400*l.* She will give half the money to a hospital, and retain the remainder.

THE COMING ROYAL WEDDINGS IN GERMANY have proved a perfect boon to the native lace-makers. The bridal veil for the Empress's sister, who will marry Prince Leopold, brother of the Duchess of Connaught, is just being finished in Silesia, and is considered a perfect masterpiece of Teutonic industry. It is nearly six yards long and three yards wide, and has occupied four hundred women for over six weeks. The lace for Princess Sophie's wedding-dress on her marriage with the Crown Prince of Greece is being made at the same schools, partly from designs by the Empress Frederick.

LICENSED VICTUALLERS' ASYLUM.—The sixty-second annual dinner in aid of this Institution will take place at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday, May 29th, with Mr. Spencer Charrington, M.P., in the chair. The institution is situated in Asylum Road, Old Kent Road, S.E., and was established in 1827. It is intended for necessitous members of the trade, and their wives or widows. The benefits of the institution consist of a house, coals, medical and nurse attendance, &c., together with a weekly allowance of 13s. 6d. to the married, and 9s. to single persons. Subscriptions and donations will be received by the secretary, Mr. Alfred L. Annett, 17, New Bridge Street, E.C.

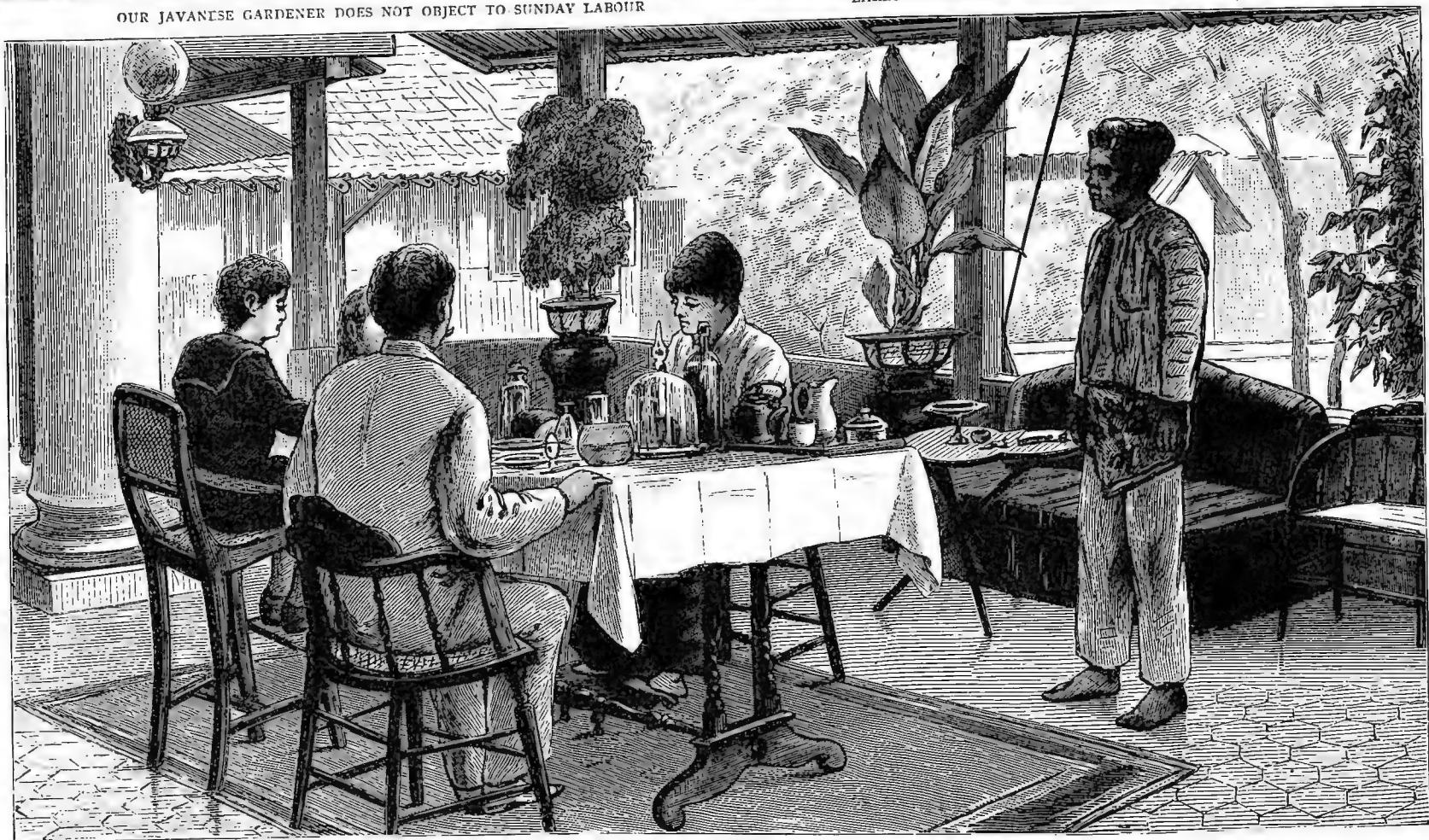
POPE LEO XIII. will shift his quarters for the summer months, but he will not leave the Vatican precincts. Naturally enough, His Holiness wants a change after being restricted to the same Palace for eleven years, so he will shortly occupy a charming pavilion at the end of the gardens, known as the Casino of Pius IV. It is a small building, built by Ligorio, and restored by Leo XII., and contains only seven rooms, three on the ground-floor, and four on the upper story. The Pope will reside in the latter apartments, which are beautifully decorated with frescoes by Frederick Zucari. His Holiness is very anxious to move in by July, and the pavilion is being got ready in haste, having hitherto been used mainly as a storehouse for the gifts from the Papal Jubilee.

CHARITABLE ITEMS.—The Royal British Female Orphan Asylum celebrated a triple Jubilee yesterday (Friday)—its fiftieth birthday, the Jubilee of the Queen's patronage, and the fifty years' unbroken service of its Hon. Secretary, Mr. S. P. Metham. Established at Devonport in 1839, this Institution educates and cares for the orphan daughters of soldiers and sailors, training them as household servants. At present the Asylum contains 170 inmates, but, should funds permit, 200 could be accommodated, and over 150 candidates are waiting. Subscriptions to the Hon. Sec., the Elms, Stoke, Devonport.—Not only orphan, but sick children are pleaded for by the Victoria Hospital for Children, Chelsea, which makes a special appeal to wipe off a deficit of 510*l.* The Hospital relieves an immense amount of suffering in South London, and completes its good work by sending convalescents to the Margate Home. Being quite unendowed, money is sorely needed, and may be sent to the Secretary, Commander Blount, R.N., at the Hospital, Queen's Road, Chelsea.—The British and Foreign Sailors' Society, Gravesend Branch, asks again for books and illustrated papers and magazines to enliven poor Jack and the emigrants outward bound. A similar appeal which we published two years ago produced over a hundredweight of *Graphics*, which the sailors call "the best picture-books," and it is hoped our readers will now be equally generous. Parcels to the Secretary, Mr. J. T. Chapman, at the Gravesend Branch.



OUR JAVANESE GARDENER DOES NOT OBJECT TO SUNDAY LABOUR

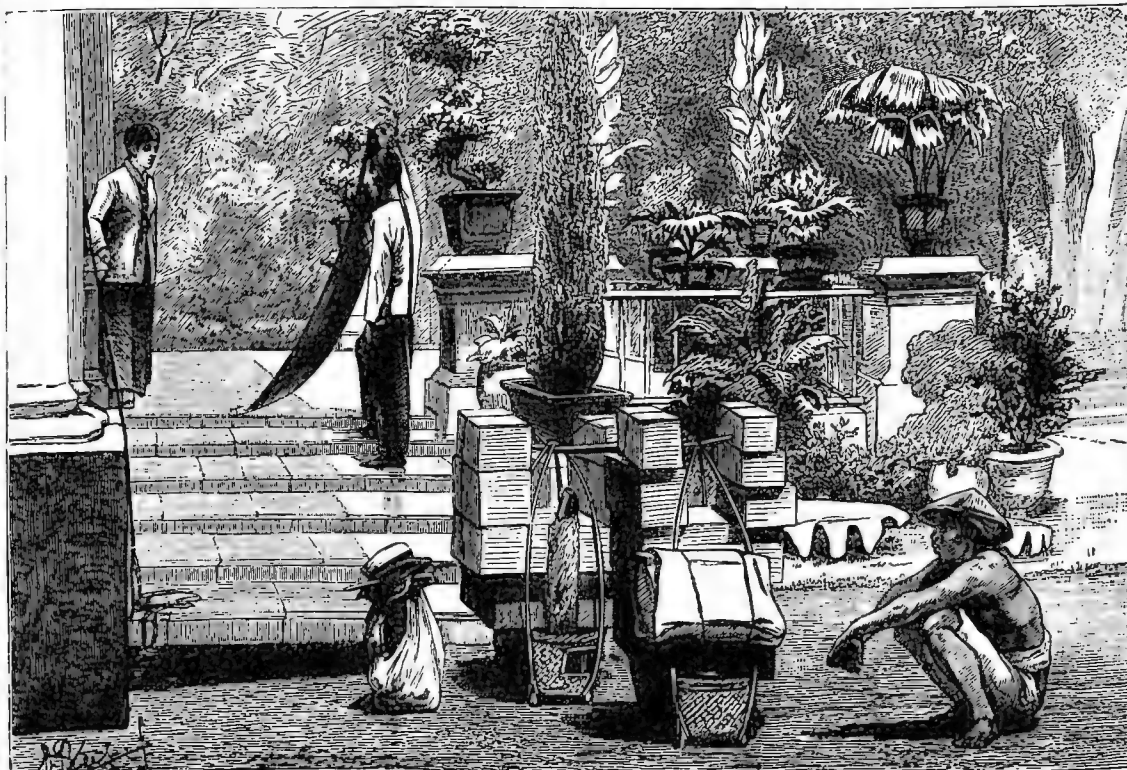
EARLY MORNING: WE STROLL IN THE GARDEN IN OUR PYJAMAS



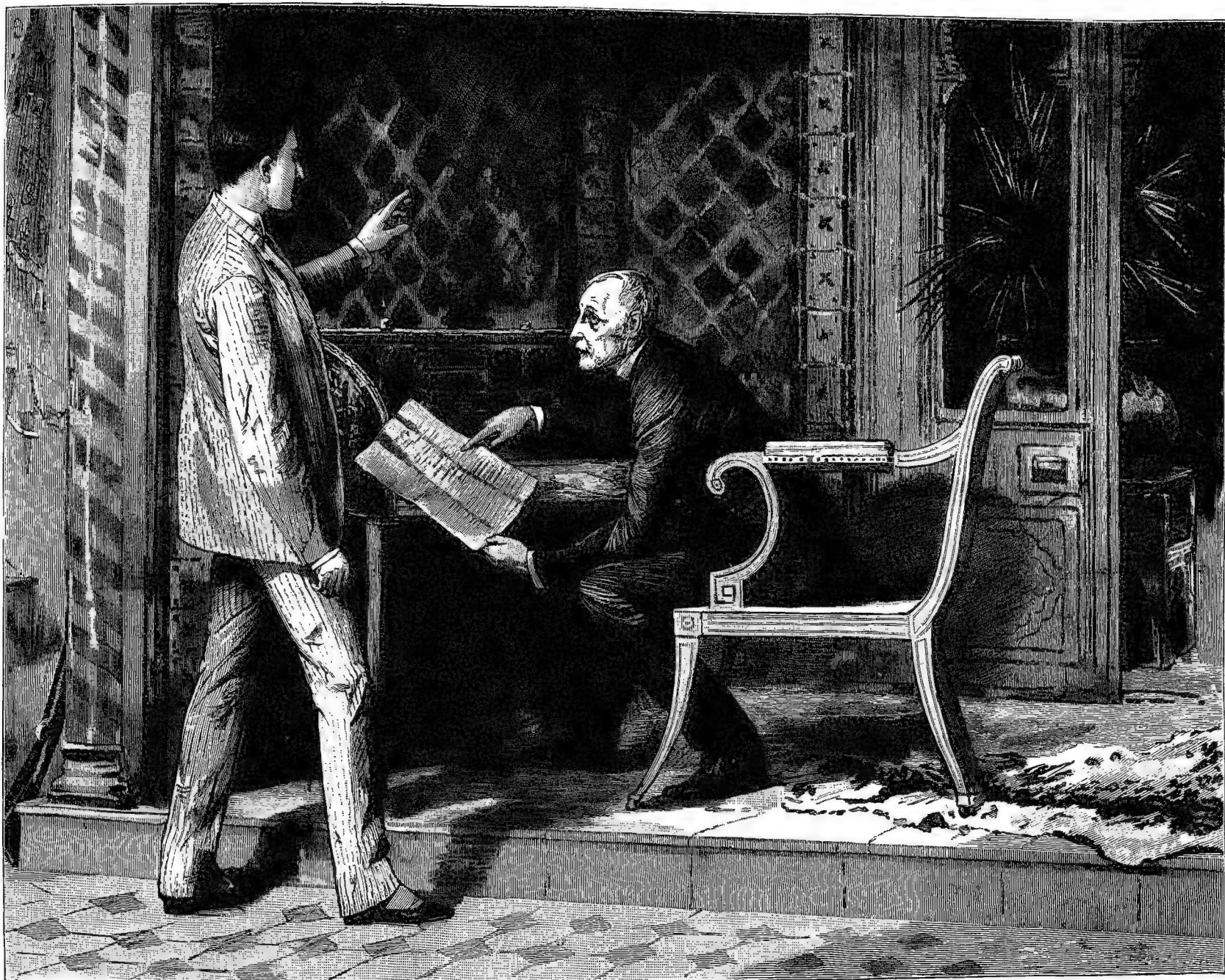
BREAKFAST ON THE VERANDAH



MY WIFE ATTENDS TO HER PLANTS



WE ARE VISITED BY A CHINESE PEDLAR, WHO RUINS US IN KAKIMONOS AND OTHER CURIOSITIES



DRAWN BY E. F. BREWTNALL, R.W.S.

In the triumph of the moment, the room swam round about Harold Knyvett's brain.

"THE TENTS OF SHEM"

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "THIS MORTAL COIL," "THE DEVIL'S DIE," &C.

CHAPTER XLI.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY AT SIDI AIA

AT Algiers town, meanwhile, in Dr. Yate-Westbury's commodious villa on the Mustapha slope, Harold Knyvett found himself in the lap of luxury. With Sidi Aia conveniently next door, for the full development of his recondite plans, and old Sarah delighted to show every attention to Sir Arthur's nephew and Miss Iris's cousin ("God bless her pretty face, the dear young lady!"), the lines had indeed fallen to him in pleasant places. He could endure with equanimity even that old bore Yate-Westbury's infernal chatter about self-concentration and the origin of insanity, when he knew it all waited him every day so much the nearer to the accomplishment of his grand scheme for acquiring the estate and bringing Miss Iris down upon her bended knees (metaphorically) before him.

For he loved that woman! He must have that woman! He would humble her in the dust, and then make her marry him!

So he worked in the dark, underground, like a mole, surely and silently.

But the worst of the mole is, it only sees what takes place beneath the surface.

"I want you to come over with me this afternoon, Yate-Westbury," he said at luncheon one day, discounting his triumph, "and have a good look round again at those Moorish antiques in my uncle's villa, or, rather, in Iris's. I can't quite make up my mind what I should do with that alcove in the drawing-room—if the house were mine. The point's unimportant, perhaps—unimportant, I admit—considering the purely hypothetical nature of the supposition; but still, as a simple matter of taste, I want to settle it."

The famous specialist looked him through and through at a single glance with his keen, quick vision. "Got a remote eye on the heiress, eh?" he said, sharply. "Well, you might do worse for yourself in the end than marry your cousin. A fine girl with a fine property; though I'm never in favour myself, if it comes to that, of consanguineous marriages."

Harold laughed a short, self-complacent little laugh. "I'll admit the notion of reuniting the family has sometimes, more or less vaguely, crossed my mind," he answered, with a satisfied smirk. "It has many advantages. The girl would suit me, the villa would suit me, and the money would suit me down to the very ground. From several points of view, in fact, a rational man might take the match into his favourable consideration."

"And the girl?" Dr. Yate-Westbury ventured to ask, with a sudden glance up at him from those searching eyes. "Might a rational girl take the match into her favourable consideration, too?"

Would you suit her as well as *she* and the villa'd suit you, I wonder?"

Harold drew himself up to his full height, with somewhat offended dignity. These doctor fellows presume altogether too much upon a mere professional and business acquaintance. "I've no doubt," he answered, with stony politeness, "if I were to ask my cousin to become my wife, my cousin would advise herself well under the circumstances before she rejected me."

Dr. Yate-Westbury changed the subject at once with medical adroitness. His patient was fumbling away quite too visibly now at that unfortunate button. When a patient gets off on his nervous hobby, the wise physician avoids dangerous ground by diverting his thoughts with a jump upon dexterous side-issues.

"No doubt," he echoed. "And the villa's certainly very charming, too. These pretty Moorish things would make any house beautiful. Did you go in for many purchases in the town this morning? It's a quaint old place, and full of interest, isn't it?"

"Why, I hardly knew whether I was standing upon my head or my heels," Harold answered, with truth. "One's first visit to the East's a perfect revelation. Everything Oriental's so deliciously new. I felt as if Algiers was one huge kaleidoscope, and I was one of the little loose glass pieces rattling about inside it. The colour, the din, the change, the excitement, are all so strange. And yet in a way, too, so curiously familiar! The people and things one has read about from one's childhood! Outside, this is apparently to the naked eye the Nineteenth Century; in the narrow old alleys of the native town, I found myself all at once transported at a bound on some enchanted carpet to the Bagdad of good Haroun-al-Raschid."

"Did you go into any of the shops?" Yate-Westbury asked, still observing him closely.

"Oh, yes; rather. Your man Ahmed took me into one in the Rue de la Lyre; Abd-er-Rahman's, he called it; the name alone's worth all the money. I was quite taken aback when I got inside—a dim old Moorish house, you know, with a tiled courtyard and Saracenic arcade, and piles of rich Oriental stuffs lying about loose everywhere, and pierced brass lamps hanging down from the roof, and an abstruse air of the 'Arabian Nights' pervading mysteriously all the quaint surroundings."

"And you bought largely?"

"Bought largely! my dear sir, it's a place to spend thousands in. My first idea, when I turned over those great piles of Algerian embroideries, and Persian saddle cloths, and Tunisian silks, with my fingers itching, was to telegraph over at once to my lawyer in London, 'Sell out everything instant at close market prices, and

forward the proceeds to this address for immediate investment in Oriental needlework!' Yes, I bought a good deal—some Tlemcen rugs, and several nice brass and silver inlaid trays, which I mean to put up over the front arch of the red room—when—when—" and he broke off suddenly.

"When you marry the heiress?" Yate-Westbury suggested, with a meaning smile.

Harold had checked himself with an involuntary start. It was so hard not to anticipate the discovery of the will—that will he himself knew so well already. "When I marry the heiress," he repeated mechanically. "Yes, yes, of course, when I marry the heiress." And that unlucky button twisted round and round with infinite twirls in his tremulous fingers, till it was in imminent danger of breaking away from its moorings bodily.

"I like the way they do business here," he went on with an effort, trying to appear at his ease once more, and to talk with his usual glib Pall Mall readiness. "I like the quaint flavour of antique life about the fat impassive old Moor in the embroidered jacket who keeps the bazaar, and puffs his cigarette in a dignified repose that seems to imply customers and telegraphs and price lists are not. My friend Abd-er-Rahman, in fact, conducts affair even now in the stately old style of the one-eyed calender, when time was not yet money, nor were merchants shopkeepers; when to buy a brass tray was a commercial treaty between two high contracting parties, and to chaffer for a lamp or an embroidered *portière* was a diplomatic event to be duly solemnised by prayer and festivities."

"And you got what you wanted?" Yate-Westbury asked again, curiously.

Harold's mouth twitched with a more nervous twitch than ever as he replied, in a studied mock-careless tone, "Oh, that key; yes—to the singular drawer in my uncle's davenport, you mean. Ah, of course, I remember. Well, I'm not quite sure. I hunted up a bundle of skeleton keys at the *serrurier's* in the town, and I dare say one of them may happen to fit it. But it's not of much consequence whether it does or not, thank you. I've no right, indeed—except as a cousin—to go poking about Iris's house in her absence. Still it's queer nobody should ever have noticed that drawer in the davenport. My uncle told me he always kept his most important papers there." And as he spoke, the button at last came fairly off in his irrepressible fingers.

After lunch, they lighted their cigars and strolled out upon the lawn, and Harold drew on his seemingly unsuspecting companion by casual side paths towards the garden gate of Sidi Aia. The doctor followed with suspicious eyes. They walked up the drive and

into the central hall. There Harold began pointing out the various places in the house and grounds where he would effect sundry alterations and improvements of his own "if the property were his," and to fiddle in between whiles with his bunch of keys at the rusty old locks of that recalcitrant davenport. How he hugged himself on the cleverness with which he had already concealed within it the well, the other will, and then made Yate-Westbury, willy-nilly, an unconscious accomplice in the act of finding it.

"They'll none of them fit," he cried at last, flinging the bunch away from him in a pretended ill-temper. "After all, it's no business of mine to look. Iris can try, if she cares to investigate, when she comes down from the mountains."

He knew already that Yate-Westbury prided himself not a little upon his mechanical skill, and delicacy of wrist. "Let me have a try," the doctor said, taking the keys quite unsuspectingly from the table where Harold had flung them. "A gentle twist often succeeds in these cases where strength and violence are thrown away to no purpose."

"You can try if you like, but they won't fit," Harold answered, pettishly, suppressing his anxiety, and feeling with vague fingers for the abolished button.

Thus challenged to the trial, and put upon his mettle, Yate-Westbury began with the bunch systematically, and pushed each key in, one after the other, till he came to the original identical skeleton that Harold had added to the ring in the solitude of his own room just before luncheon.

It turned in the lock without the slightest difficulty, as well it might, seeing that the wards and blanks of each had been fitted to the other from the very beginning.

Yate-Westbury pulled out the slide entire. It was a queer little drawer—a secret drawer—stuck inconspicuously at one side of the davenport, and with its lock concealed by an obtrusive piece of ornamental brasswork. Nobody knew of its existence, indeed, save only Harold, who had bought this very davenport of set purpose a year or two before at a shop in Wardour Street, and sent over to Algiers as a present to his uncle, with the acute idea that such a receptacle might happen some day, in case of an emergency, to come in handy. He had locked the drawer and kept the key himself as a measure of precaution lest anything alien should ever get into it. So deep and long beforehand had he provided against contingencies. He prided himself not a little in that moment of triumph on his extraordinary prudence and his judicious forethought.

The specialist sat down in an easy chair in the corner, and began to inspect at his leisure the contents of the drawer.

"What have you there, doctor?" Harold asked, banteringly, with assumed carelessness. "Gold and silver and precious stones? The wealth of Ormuz and of Ind, I suppose. Or is it only Sir Sir Arthur's youthful love-letters and other waste paper?"

"Bills," Yate-Westbury answered, turning over the papers loosely with his incautious hand, "bills, bills—mostly receipts."

And so they were. For Harold had been at the pains to acquire, by purchase, a large number of those incidental accompaniments from his uncle's valet, all dated Aix, to give greater *vraisemblance* to the discovery of the will.

"Nothing more than that?" Harold asked, with clever and well-assumed disappointment. "I expected at least a great Hoggarty Diamond!"

"Nothing more than that," the doctor responded, cheerfully. "Pour acquit on every one of them Stop. Here, what's this! That looks rather more promising. 'Will of Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley Knyvett, K.C.B. Whew—I say! Here's the old gentleman's last will and testament Why this can't be the will they proved in London. What was the date of that one, I wonder? . . . This concerns you, Knyvett! You'd better look into it.'"

Harold came over with affected nonchalance, his fingers twitching horribly none the less all the while, and the corners of his mouth quivering hard with excitement. He looked over Yate-Westbury's shoulder as the doctor read. The great specialist whistled low and long to himself as he saw the terms of the strangely-recovered document. "By Jove," he cried, looking up, "this is luck for you, Knyvett; 'Revoke all former wills absolutely, and leave my entire estate, real and personal, without remainder, to my dutiful nephew, Harold Knyvett, of the Board of Trade, London, Esquire.' Then, my dear fellow—there's no mistake about it—you're the owner of Sidi Aia yourself, after all. Upon my soul, I congratulate you—I congratulate you."

In the triumph of the moment, the room swam round about Harold Knyvett's brain. His plot had succeeded, succeeded to the letter! Everything had turned out exactly as he intended! Yate-Westbury, not he, had found the missing will. No tinge of suspicion would ever now attach to his name. Not even that old fool, Tom Whitmarsh himself, could find any flaw in the wording or the attestation—all had been done in strict accordance with the simplest and most indisputable forms laid down in Lord St. Leonard's excellent little handbook. He felt himself already the monarch of all he surveyed at Sidi Aia. . . . He had Iris at his feet! She must marry him or be beggared!

For a minute he could hardly gasp out in jerks a few inarticulate words to the doctor, "You'd better keep it. . . . You found it, not I. . . . It must be duly proved, and all that sort of thing. . . . Till then, it should remain in your own possession."

"A worse thing to have happened to him, in his frame of mind," Yate-Westbury said to his assistant that night, as they sat alone together in his little consulting-room, "I can hardly imagine. Whether he forged it or whether he found it doesn't much matter. In either case, the episode's deplorable—simply deplorable. He was on the very verge of acute dementia, even before the will turned up. This miserable excitement will upset everything. And now, no doubt, he'll come into the property a raving lunatic."

CHAPTER XLII.

PRETENCE OR REALITY?

IN the dead of night—of that same awful night—Harold Knyvett lay upon his bed awake, and heard the clock on Yate-Westbury's stairs clang out the hours, one by one, monotonously. A dreary old clock, with a cracked voice. So long and terrible a twenty-four hours he had never known; they dragged their slow length with relentless deliberation. His accomplished crime was beginning already its Nemesis upon him.

One of Yate-Westbury's patients kept him awake—a poor mad woman, chattering and moaning!

Wearily at last with much tossing and turning, he rose up, and looked out of the little Moorish arched window. The moonlight was pouring, in full pale green floods, on the white walls and flat roofs of Sidi Aia next door—his house, his own house, which he had procured for himself by his own wise forethought, and his own clever handicraft. That bad old man, Sir Arthur (confound him for a coward!), had never had the courage to do the right thing, and to make a plain will, in accordance with common honesty and friendliness and justice. But never mind; he, Harold Knyvett, had taken the matter boldly in hand, like a man of mettle, and shrunk not from the terrors of the law, or the commonplaces of morality, in his determination that substantial right should at last be done him. With infinite skill and patience and boldness, out of the nettle Danger had he plucked for himself the flower Safety.

The moonlight played exquisitely upon those high white walls of Sidi Aia. The shadows of the arches came out by contrast in delicate tones of faint green: the capitals of the pillars gleamed bright and beautiful with silvery radiance. Anything more lovely in its way he had never seen. So romantic, so poetical, so fit for himself and Iris to live in: for the intoxication of love (or what himself and Iris to live in: for the intoxication of love) was mixed now in his answered to it in Harold Knyvett's nature) was mixed now in his brain with the meaner intoxication of accomplished villainy. And it was all his, his; he had secured it for himself; he had carved his own fortune with his own bold hand; he had made himself, at one blow, rich, unassailable, much to be envied.

Happy, happy, happy Harold! Rich, unassailable, much to be envied!

But sleep he could not, for all his wealth. The excitement had driven away drowsiness from his eyelids. He lay down once more on his bed uneasily and tried to escape from that flood of thought that inundated his consciousness with teeming images. His brain whirled round and round in a fever of thinking. He must repeat something over and over again to calm and appease that internal whirlwind. He must say A B C a hundred times over, according to the old formula, or picture to himself sheep leaping over a gate, or count his fingers till he was tired and drowsy. All, all, alas! of no avail! A B C became to him a romantic tune, and set itself mentally to an air of Mendelssohn's. The sheep that leaped over the gate figured themselves vividly as individual pictures, in every conceivable ovine variety of fleece and attitude. The ends of his fingers as he counted them to himself seemed instinct with extraordinary and unnatural sensitiveness—too much alive, he somehow imagined, like his brain itself, which was working too hard for the fibres that composed it.

And then, in a vague, dreamy, unrelated way, he thought of those words Yate-Westbury was fond of repeating so often—Yate-Westbury, with his odious professional habit of regarding all mankind as bury, with his nervous system burns itself out at the rate of three days in the twenty-four hours."

Not that he for one moment applied them to himself. He merely recollected them in a dreamy way as an apt illustration of his present state. He was so excited and overwrought with this one absorbing plan of action that his mind, too, like the madman's, in spite of its clearness, was working too fast and working too vividly. Images and ideas crowded in upon him with wild haste one after the other. He saw and heard and felt and thought with abnormal keenness and intensity of sensation.

Not, again, that he was insane, or anything like it. Oh, no, indeed. He had never thought things out more logically or consecutively in his life. He was, if anything, saner than usual—perfectly collected, sensible, clear-headed. Ideas came to him now with a force and directness they had never before in his life possessed. He could see through a brick wall, so piercing was his vision. No clouds or mists obscured his mental sight. And he was brilliant, too—undeniably brilliant. He thought he could write poetry in his present mood—he, who had hitherto despised it as mere sentimentality. At any rate, he talked all day long yesterday, with that pompous old fool for sole hearer, as he had never before talked in the most sparkling drawing-rooms of London Society. As a rule, one requires an audience to stimulate one. But not so now. Such point, such repartee, such wit, such scintillations! He had fairly astonished himself throughout the day by his own perfect fluency and flashes of inspiration.

Yet somehow he wished to goodness he could only get Yate-Westbury's perpetual small-talk out of his head this evening. That man's stock remarks seemed to dog and haunt him.

"You need never be afraid of going mad," the fellow said, "if you think you're going mad. It's when you feel yourself sanest that you're most in danger. People in the incipient stages of insanity always flatter themselves that never in their lives were they so lucid and coherent. They mistake the perfect clearness and vividness of their morbid impressions for exceptional soundness and sobriety of thought. They imagine themselves cleverest when they're really maddest."

Hang it all! Would the man never get off his horrid hobby-horse? What could be more depressing to a sane person—such as himself—than this incessant harping upon the symptoms of insanity! Do we all of us want to be always mad-hunting?

But, oh, for a sleep, for a moment's sleep! How his eyelids burned and tingled and smarted! So rich, so successful, and yet no sleep! The words roused a latent cloud in his memory.

"Sleep, gentle sleep, nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee?" How well he remembered learning those lines long ago at Winchester! It was on a half-remedy afternoon, he recollected as distinctly as if it were yesterday; and he took out the book with him to Moab to learn his piece (they called it Moab because it was the lavatory, and "Moab is my wash-pot"); and the Prefect of the Tub caught him sneaking away there, and sent him back with the book, whimpering, to his scob; how near it all seemed! how vivid! how life-like!

And then his imagination wandered off once more by devious tracks to those old Winchester days in all their freshness. So many little things crowded back on his memory. He remembered how he had chiselled the Prefect of the Hall out of half-a-crown one day, on a transaction in stamps, by selling him an inferior woodcut imitation, removed from a catalogue, for a Hawaiian two-cent; and how the Prefect, when he found out the ingenious fraud, had made him eat the catalogue entire, to the distinct impiment of his previous digestion. Paper is so very, very innutritious! He remembered how the Posers came down from Oxford on the Tuesday after St. Thomas's Day; and how they were greeted *ad portas* with a Latin oration by the senior scholars; and how he himself had sent in a first copy of verses to the Posers which secured him the Exhibition; and how, being uncertain about the gender of *vestis*, he had written the adjective intended to agree with its accusative in so doubtful a way that you might make it either *validum* or *validam*, according to the taste or fancy of the reader. At *viva voce*, the Poser handed him the paper across the table and asked him severely in a stern voice for which it was meant; and Harold, having settled the point artfully with the dictionary meanwhile, answered in accordance with his later knowledge, of course, in a surprised tone, so winning the Exhibition by his cuteness from that dull fellow, Parker, who had fallen into exactly the self-same trap, but had written so plainly (like a fool as he was) that the Posers never hesitated for a moment to detect his error. Parker was always a poor spiritless creature. He was slaving now on a hundred a year as a curate in Hampshire, while he, Harold, by his energy and skill, was the master of Sidi Aia and a splendid fortune!

Parker's scob was 270. "Scob" was "box" in Winchester slang. The paint was worn on the left-hand side. It was gnawed a bit on the cover within by a white mouse that Parker tried to keep there for a pet without the knowledge of the commoners.

And then, in a horrible burst of revelation, those words of Yate-Westbury's, in his "Treatise on the Diseases of the Nervous System," came back to him with a rush: "The patient exhibits a remarkable tendency in these sleepless periods to dwell with minute and exaggerated detail upon long-past events or childish reminiscences. This symptom in particular I regard as peculiarly indicative of approaching insanity: when coupled with a twitching of the fingers and involuntary movements of the lips or facial muscles it is almost diagnostic of the incipient stages of acute dementia."

Acute dementia! Acute dementia! Acute dementia! With a

flash of recognition, in an agony of terror, he saw it all. He recognised the inevitable. For the first time in his life, he realised, at one blow, the hideous fact that the symptoms he had been simulating, or thought himself simulating, were all at bottom really there. The twitching of the mouth, the nervous movement of the hands and fingers, the forgetfulness of names, of words, of phrases, the intense recollection of childish scenes! Great heavens, it was horrible, incredible, but true! It was no pretence, but a solemn reality! He was going mad with success—with selfish triumph—with self-centred complacency!

Yate-Westbury's mad people were chattering up above there! The idea flashed across him now with a horrible vividness: he himself was only one of Yate-Westbury's mad people!

Then, for a single second, in a sudden outburst of inspired self-revelation, as by an electric spark, the whole naked truth of his own ingrained nature came home to him all at once in all its vulgar and sordid hideousness. He was, indeed, just such a man as Yate-Westbury pictured his ideal type of the insane temperament—cold, selfish, unfeeling, narrow; incapable of expansive or sympathetic thought; careless of the good or ill of others; pursuing to the end with relentless calmness his own personal schemes for his own personal aggrandisement. Not often is it given us in a moment of truth to see ourselves for an indivisible fraction of time in the vivid light of an awakened inner sense; but to Harold Knyvett, one of those rare moments occurred just then among the paroxysms of insanity in the night watches. For one lucid second, he knew himself mad; he knew himself bad; he knew himself mean; he knew himself worthless. He had wrought his own ill-will in his own vile way, and now, he would be opulent, wealthy, a lord, a king—in a mad-house!

They could never take it away from him, even in a mad-house. Come what might, he had at least humbled that girl Iris's pride, and checkmated that meddling old fool Whitmarsh. He had earned it all, with his own right hand! The property was his—were it only in a mad-house!

Was it worth going through so much to win so little? "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And Harold Knyvett had lost his own soul, in the most literal sense—ruined his intellect—destroyed his reason!

He knew it, he felt it, in a revulsion of horror. If he could, he would have burnt that vile forgery to ashes that one remorseful moment. But he couldn't—he couldn't. Yate-Westbury had found it—Yate-Westbury was keeping it! Yate-Westbury was the guardian of that damning paper!

For hours he lay there and tossed in agony. Mad, mad! he knew it. How horrible! how ghastly!

The other mad people were chattering up-stairs. Sidi Aia would now be only his asylum.

Slowly the morning dawned once more—that morning that dawned on Eustace and Meriem among the Djurjura slopes, on Vernon Blake and Iris in the beleaguered fortress. The light broke pink over the snow-clad mountains in the dim distance. Harold Knyvett fell asleep of pure fatigue. In his dreams, he dreamt of Sidi Aia and riches.

When he woke again the spell was broken. Daylight brings far other thoughts in its train. He laughed at his fears. Mad! he was never more sensible in his life. A little nervous twitching in his fingers, no doubt; but who wouldn't be nervous at such a crisis? Even if the symptoms were a trifle uncanny—and he didn't deny he was somewhat excited—he would fight against them hard, and battle them down like a man, if necessary. It is not good for man to live alone—Yate-Westbury always advised marriage; and when he was married to Iris at last, why Iris would keep him straight and sane enough. A beautiful wife, and a splendid fortune! Mad indeed, says Yate-Westbury! Fool, dolt, pig, idiot!

(To be continued)



ONE hesitates rather whether to class "Lady Godiva: a Story of Saxon England," by John B. Marsh (1 vol.: Elliot Stock), as a novel; for Mr. Marsh is a champion for the historic truth of the famous ride through Coventry, and we imagine that he regards even the well-merited doom of Peeping Tom as being quite as real as most of the incidents of professed history. Nor, as to that, are we disposed to join issue with him. Only it increases the difficulty of how to class him—whether he, aiming at writing a work of fiction which required a good deal of research, has let his materials get the better of him, or whether his object was to present the history of the earlier part of the eleventh century in a light and amusing manner. On the whole, we incline to think that the former was the intention, and the latter the result. However, it matters little to what class a work belongs, or even if it belong to any class at all, so long as it be good in itself; and that is certainly the case with "Lady Godiva." "The study of many charters and deeds" for the purpose of the work, and kindred matter, which the author tells us, have occupied the leisure of several years, have by no means been lost, and the Mayor and Corporation of Coventry, to whom the volume is dedicated, may thank the author for a contribution to literature calculated to increase the interest due to that most interesting of English cities. And the charm of the legend (*pace* Mr. Marsh), gains from the reasonable way in which he deals with it. Leofric's condition becomes merely the challenge of his wife to the most absolutely impossible thing he can think of—another way of bidding her cease from troubling him; and there is, as he points out in defence of the story, this striking feature about it, that it stands alone, and has nothing corresponding with it in folk-lore in general, as is almost universally the case with matters of mere legend. Mr. Marsh does not by any means confine himself to the episode, but deals in a pleasant manner with the life of the period at large.

"Birch Dene," by William Westall (3 vols.: Ward and Downey), is a decidedly interesting novel, in respect of both subject and treatment. Moderate where exaggeration was a great temptation, it keeps the attention alive to the close, in spite of the weakness of a plot which has been employed thousands of times, and the course of which is anticipated by the reader almost from the very first page. The subject—not the plot—is the cruelty and abuse of the criminal law during the first quarter of the present century, connected with the treatment of Lancashire factory hands and the virtual sale of children into the worst of sort of slavery. All this is full of the sense of strong and vivid reality which gives the novel its principal value, and more than redeems the commonplace and rather absurd story upon which, for form's sake, it is hung. All the portion relating to Lancashire is especially well done, and the two brothers Ruberry, especially "Owd Bob," are admirable studies of character—hard as nails, but not the unnatural monsters usually portrayed under corresponding circumstances. The strikes, also, are not of the usual theatrical order; and altogether Mr. Westall has gone far to show how effective is the well-nigh forgotten virtue of sobriety.

How few are the novels nowadays which excite a real laugh, with the author and not at him! Especial praise must be bestowed upon "A Very Mad World; or, Myself and My Neighbour Fair," by

Frank Hudson (2 vols. : Ward and Downey), inasmuch as it has already performed this rare achievement. It is a sort of diary of a man who has a firm conviction that the whole world is as mad as a legion of hatters; and we are bound to confess that, according to all the laws of logic, he makes out his case, and proves himself right all the time, not even forgetting to prove himself the maddest step by step, not even forgetting to prove himself the maddest inmate of this huge madhouse; so it is lucky that logic is not in vogue. The author is certainly outspoken. He devotes a whole chapter to the necessary lunacy implied in being a German, "for who would be a German if he possibly could help it?" and the chapter is exceedingly amusing—one is tempted, on finishing, to add, and exceedingly true. Americans, vestrymen, English comic opera, and all sorts of apparently disconnected subjects come in for the lash; until any fair-minded reader feels it to be his instant duty to take himself to Bedlam. No doubt it is all superficial enough, but that is the volume's merit; its principal faults are carelessness, and a tendency to tricks of mannerism: as in the case of a certain widow, who is never mentioned without our being told that she "dimpled considerably." The grammar, also, is not irreproachable.

John Strange Winter's "Harvest" (1 vol. : Handsom Cab Publishing Co.), is written rather too much in the manner of a "lady's letter" in a new-paper, tradesmen's advertisements, and all. And we cannot think it a pleasing style for a love story. The atmosphere, instead of being military, is that in which the lady's letter-writer chiefly luxuriates—that of the studios of wonderful lady artists and of the shop windows, with any number of geniuses who get together and a strong dash of aristocratic flavour thrown in familiarly and condescendingly. The style, also, is a variety of that curious sort of journalese which one is accustomed to associate with such subjects. There are only two soldiers in the book: one is intended for a typical cad and bore, and belongs to caricature; the other is the hero, a curiously weak-minded young man, who catches the fancy of the heroine and then breaks her heart, when any behaviour short of the most extravagant cadishness would have satisfied her perfectly. We should say the story will please a great many sentimental people, especially those who take seriously the conventions of artistic coteries, and who have little sense of humour—a host in themselves. For our own part, we prefer to meet John Strange Winter in the mess-room.

"Clues; or, Leaves from a Chief Constable's Note Book," by William Henderson, Chief Constable of Edinburgh (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier), is put forward as a collection of true experiences; and, though this does not mean much, seeing that any amount of license has been allowed to authors in this matter from time immemorial, we are disposed to believe it implicitly: for nothing less than the most bare and literal truth could possibly contrive to be at once so improbable (according to the laws of fiction) and so dull. Only the life of a rogue, we should judge, is more laborious and more dreary than that of a detective; and infinite gratitude is therefore due to those who undertake it—the detective's life, that is to say, not the rogue's. In no respect, neither in excitement, nor in interest, nor in surprise, nor even in their proper domain of *verisemblance*, do the thieves and thief-catchers of fact hold a candle to even their ordinary representatives in fiction.

A HIGHLAND LEGEND

IN the Highlands of Scotland there is neither hill nor valley, rock nor cave, that has not in the course of the ages gathered around it some interesting associations of the far-off times when there were in the land hobgoblins and giants who performed such deeds of daring and strength as we in these degenerate days have difficulty even in believing. But much is still believed, and if one gets into confidential conversation with an old shepherd, game-keeper, or crofter, he will probably be able to get hosts of local legends told him with all the seriousness of one who believes in what he is telling.

Misty Morven is the highest peak in the range of mountains which separate Sutherlandshire from Caithness, and as around its base a number of quarrelsome and superstitious clans had their head-quarters, it would be strange indeed if to its sides there did not cling what Ossian calls "the memories of other days"—and in truth many such do cling to it, and of these the legend of the Bodach Dhu is a very good specimen.

The inhabitants of Braemore—the valley on the Caithness side of Morven—have for generations made their livelihood by farming, but in those seasons when winter comes on before its time, their crops do not ripen, and any saving they may have effected is spent in the purchase of winter necessities. On one occasion, when they were thus chagrined by a lost harvest, a big, strong, lazy-looking man, whom they had often previously seen, came a-begging for help. In contradiction of proverbial Highland hospitality he everywhere met with a point-blank refusal.

"Well, if I'll get nothing to eat," said he to the inmates of the last house in the glen, "you folk will have little pleasure in your eating," and he went straight to their meal-mill, and carried off the upper grindstone on his shoulders.

For a long time after this the people of Braemore were missing cattle and sheep from the hills, and if they happened to bring home any money or valuables they soon mysteriously disappeared. The stock for miles around was frequently examined, and a watch was kept on all passing valuables, but no trace of the robber could be found. The native "wise women" were consulted, but their replies were given so oracularly that suspicion began to point to some of their own friends as the evil-doer; but they, to prove that the robber was no friend of theirs, charmed a considerable number of men so that they might be able to see him should the thief be a person in league with the powers of the nether deep, and therefore able to make himself hid to ordinary eyes. Thus charmed, the band watched the hills, and many days had not elapsed ere they saw the gentleman who they knew to be the hero of the millstone, and whom they had learned to call Bodach Dhu, come stalking down the hill, knock over one of the best of their cattle with his first arrow, and then, swinging it over his shoulders, make for the mountain again. They gave chase, and away he fled up the hill. As they neared him down came such a mist cloud as to this day comes often and suddenly over Morven, and the Bodach was effectually shielded from them. They stayed until the mist had rolled away, but the Bodach was not then to be seen, and they had to return home to tell their tale. A council was held, and it was resolved to give the charmed adventurers food and plenty of drink—there were no excitements in those days—until the Bodach was captured. They, happy at the thought of making heroes of themselves, undertook the task, watched and chased the robber time after time, but always to lose him in the suddenly falling mist, until at last it began to be whispered that "mountain dew" had more to do with their non-success than mist. They, however, avowed their belief that the Bodach had some charm from the Prince of the Power of the Air against which they could not at that time prevail.

It at last occurred to them that there lived in Sutherlandshire a woman who was said to have a brother living out on Morven. To her they went, told their story, and demanded that she would let them know by what means they could prevent the mist falling while they were in pursuit of her brother. She, of course, denied any blood-relationship with Bodach, but, when they threatened to have her burnt as a witch, she told them they must follow him on the seventh day of the seventh month—Old Style of reckoning, of

course—and no mist would fall. On that day they were on the look-out, and, as the Bodach's instinct did not make him feel that he ought to stay at home on that day, they caught sight of him in his old haunts. With confidence they now gave chase, and this time he must have felt rather put out at the non-descent of the mist when in the neighbourhood of his den. He entered, and when they came in front of it they heard him muttering incantations; but, as they seemed ineffectual in bringing down the friendly covering, he attempted to fight his pursuers, and began to shoot arrows fast and thick through the hole of the millstone which he had set up as an outer door to his den. The pursuers, however, bravely closed up, and were about to make a dash forward when he suddenly emerged from his hiding-place, and, with seeming lameness, ran away over the mountain. Their curiosity could not resist having one glance at the interior of the den, and there they saw what to them seemed to rival "the wealth of Ormuz and the Ind," and they gleefully congratulated one another on their "find." They soon, however, understood that the only chance of peace with their plenty was to be had by putting Bodach *hors de combat*. They, therefore, to mark the spot, stuck an arrow on a slight rising in the immediate neighbourhood of the den, and then, with willing feet, gave chase. But, according to their own Gaelic proverb, "a short stand is a long go," and, notwithstanding their eagerness, he led them a round of three miles ere they were able to get within range of him. Even then, though they got a few well-directed shots at him, the arrows seemed to glance off his body. When they saw this they were about to give up the chase in despair, but, as good luck would have it, they saw him stumble and fall. He was soon overtaken, and bound with the hair-tether which had tripped him up, and which was one of many which they had placed on the hill weeks ago for this very purpose. They wasted no time deliberating what they should do with their prisoner, who lay helpless, seeing the preparations made for his death. As they were anxious to be back at the division of spoil, they were not long in gathering a large pile of dry heather. Some whisky was spilt over it, so that there might be the orthodox Satanic blue blaze, and then, having placed Bodach Dhu on the top, a spark from the tinder-box soon set the whole in a blaze. They scarcely waited to see the fire do its fatal work, ere, with victory written on their faces, they set off for the den, which now no longer inspired dread, but rather thoughts of happiness and wealth.

They neared the spot where they had placed the arrow as a mark, soon found what they thought was their arrow, but saw no millstone, and no den. On looking about they noticed another arrow, and then another, and a wider search revealed to them several hundred arrows, all similar to the one they had stuck in the neighbourhood of the den not two hours ago. After searching until nightfall they, feeling such disappointment as those who see a fortune rudely snatched from them feel, returned home to tell their tale. All the inhabitants turned out on the following day, but though the guides knew where the millstone was last seen none of them could now get a sight of it, or of the treasure hidden behind it.

But the strangest part of the story remains to be told. Numbers of tourists climb Morven every year, and those who have never heard this tale, tell when they come down that they saw well up the mountain side a large millstone, and then, in their simplicity, ask how it got there. The story is told them, and they at once confidently volunteer to lead anybody to the place. They set off, and after much searching learn the oft-repeated experience that those who have seen it once and heard the legend can never see it again.

It was last seen on Jubilee Day, when a number of tailors ascended the hill by different routes, and on meeting at the topone told he had seen a millstone. The story was told, but it is to be wondered at that after deeply pledging the Queen's health in genuine mountain dew even the sharp Messrs. Snip were unable to find it? There is here, however, an excellent chance for the ever-active promoters of gold-mining companies, as the ground could be got on easy terms from the present proprietor—the Duke of Portland—who uses the hill as a deer forest, and the gold, &c., being certainly there, they have only to find the millstone, and out will flow the golden dividends.

A. P.

OUR PLAGE

OUR *plage* is on the coast of Normandy, in a little bay which stands between two bold headlands. I say "our" *plage*, because we, the faithful and the few who know of it, always call it so. Some of us are French *rentiers*, harboured there to munch the herbage of a peaceful latter end, and some are English people who like a spot where it is always afternoon, and have found it here. There is, in addition, one man who speaks broad Scotch, but, as he swears he is not a Scotchman, we have to conclude that he is no countryman at all. Some of us stay for the season, or all the year round as the case may be, in little country houses, designed by the local architect from studies in Switzerland and dreams of the Lowther Arcade, and the rest of us sojourn in a primitive barrack, or such lodgings as we can induce the natives to let. We are only a small and insignificant company, and strangers rarely find out the place. Our *plage* has the advantage of being not far from a renowned *bain de mer*, which draws off all the fashionables and excursionists, and we take care never to blow its trumpet ourselves.

Our *plage* is principally attractive for its deficiencies. There is no parade. We can walk, or rather tumble, over the boulders, and sink ankle-deep in the shingles, just in what direction we please, without being under the necessity of doing any particular stretch of asphalt. There is no pier, so that we are not obliged to do sentry-go. There is no band, so that the ripple or roar of the waves is not sat upon by the latest waltz or march. There is no one to beg you to stand for your photograph, and the celebrated shell needle-book and pearl-handled knife are unknown there. The natives, curiously enough, with respect to us, are still in the elementary stage of wonder; and have not got to the second—plunder.

As for the positive attractions of our *plage*, we have, in addition to the scenery, some good bathing, for which purpose we have a number of little cabins which stand close up to the cliffs. We subscribe together for the cabins, and we subscribe together for the bathing-man, Jules. A great deal has been written about the officiousness of the French bathing-man, how he waits outside your cabin for you, clutches you by the fleshy part of the arm when you emerge therefrom, leads you down tenderly to the water, pushes your head in, rolls you over and over, and never releases his grip of you till he has knocked all the breath out of your body, and of you till he is gasping on the beach again. And all this is perfectly true, too, of the big *bain de mer*. When I first visited our *plage*, I made up my mind to go through it, because I was aware what a terrible thing French law is, and I did not know how many francs I should get for even suggesting any new departure to a bathing-man. I was therefore agreeably surprised when introduced to Jules, for Jules's great characteristic is a masterly inactivity. He never does anything, and that is why we like him, and put our trust in him. His mere presence is quite sufficient to keep everybody safe and square. His eye, alone, suffices to prevent the portly *commergant* from going beyond his depth, to warn rash young men from trying to swim to England, and to make the young ladies join hands in a safe ring, in two feet of water; so all he has to do is to smoke his cigarette with a calm air, and to assure us that the water is beautiful and warm. I have known our *plage* for some years now, and I never saw Jules do anything but sit on his favourite

boulder and nurse his youngest. It is always afternoon with him, as with us. He assures us that he goes to sea in the winter, and tells us terrible tales of the Channel and coasting trades, and no one has energy enough to disbelieve him.

Our *plage* is not devoid of ornament. We have a detachment of two *douaniers* who give us quite a military air as they sit in front of their little watchhouse, stretch their blue legs with the red stripes, and smoke with conviction. They do not, as our own blue-jacketed men would, have long brass telescopes under their arms, to enable them to earn stray shillings from strangers who want to have a peep. Nevertheless, they are men of keen eyesight, as coast-guardsmen should be, and can see at once whether it is merely a cigar, or really an absinthe, which is looming in the offing. They are on the look out for the *fraudeur*. The *fraudeur*, according to the tradition of our *plage*, comes by night with cargoes of Belgian tobacco, which he has bought at two francs a pound, and retails to the keepers of the official *Bureaux de Tabac* for four or five. The latter forthwith mix it with the wood supplied as tobacco by the Government, to the great satisfaction of the consumer. The *fraudeur* is supposed to walk about our *plage* by day, in various disguises, and to chat in a friendly manner with the unsuspecting *douaniers*. By night, the elderly ladies of the neighbourhood dress him in mysterious and muffled garments, and if their dog barks, or their hens begin to cluck, or a mouse stirs, then it is the formidable *fraudeur* who is stealing by, with innumerable barrels of contraband on his back.

The one other feature of our *plage* is its restaurant. It was established seven years ago; it stands facing the sea, is made of timber, and is three yards by four. Not far from it, in a hole in the cliff, is its *cave*, whence the proprietor draws the choicest vintages of the most sunny spots of France. We looked with great suspicion on the restaurant when it was first engineered, for it threatened our repose, and we cast an evil eye upon M. Bonhomme, its founder; but by and by, when we found it did not draw the ghost of a tourist, our wrath against M. Bonhomme subsided, and we began to feel a sneaking pity for the man. One wedding-party came, but no more; they could not dance in three yards by four. His regular custom was very feeble, and Jules and the *douaniers* drove hard bargains with him for his stale comestibles. He would have left long since but for a terrible calamity which befell him. His restaurant, as I have said, faces the sea—it was, in fact, built in dangerous proximity thereto—and the first September it was there, an unusually high and mighty wave came and opened daylight beneath its planks; and, worse still, the wave swept into the *cave* as well, and carried off all the choicest vintages in the direction of *la perfide Angleterre*. Our *plage* was struck with pity, and we subscribed sufficient to make good the poor man's loss, including the *vins de choix*. No one, by the by, had ever seen, much less tasted, these *vins de choix*, so we had to take M. Bonhomme's own valuation for them. Well, it is hardly to be credited, but it is nevertheless the fact, that M. Bonhomme was valiant enough to defy Neptune, and rebuild his restaurant in exactly the same spot next season, and to put his *vins de choix* in exactly the same cellar, in spite of our advice. The consequence was another high wave, another disaster to the restaurant, another total loss of expensive wines, and another thumping subscription. Next year, *da capo*. The recurrence of this phenomenon has been yearly ever since, so that we have got quite used to it. We see the restaurant put up early in the season, in the old spot, with philosophic calmness, and we subscribe for its restoration at the end of the season with unexhausted benevolence. Meanwhile, M. Bonhomme, out of his terrible losses, has just built a neat little cottage further inland, and it has got to be quite afternoon with him too. We do not mind it; it is rather an advantage to our *plage* to have M. Bonhomme irretrievably ruined once a year, as it effectually keeps other *restaurateurs* from settling amongst us. Our *plage* may, of course, some day be "discovered," but we hope the day is far distant. We have still another card ready to play, supposing an invasion to be seriously threatened. It was the happy thought of one of our English visitors, and was seized with avidity by the French *habitues*. It is, when the necessity arises, to spread the report of German measles being rife.

R. T. G.



MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.—Four good songs for the drawing-room are "Only Once in a Lifetime" (violin obligato accompaniment) and "Old Redcoat," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and Alfred Bishop, "Whispered in the Twilight," words by E. Oxenford, music by Arthur Briscoe, and, most original of the group, "The Coastguard," written and composed by W. H. Stroud and Lindsay Proctor.

MESSRS. W. MORLEY AND CO.—No. 37 of "Morley's Part Song Journal" is a spirited patriotic song, written and composed by A. C. Ainger and J. Barnby. This flourishing series is a veritable boon to the home circle and choral societies.—One of Gerald M. Lane's most successful songs, for which he has supplied both words and music, is "When the Lights are Low." Theo Bonheur has arranged this pretty melody as a very taking waltz bearing the above title.—"On the Ramparts" is a very spirited polka-march by Carl Malemberg.

CHARLES WOOLHOUSE.—Two clever pieces for the pianoforte and violin by J. Jacques Haakman are "Chant du Soir" and "Souvenir," a *morceau de salon*; both of these compositions are worthy of the attention of cultivated amateurs.—Young folks will be much pleased with two tuneful and easy little pieces for small hands: No. 1, "Little Soldiers' March;" No. 2, "Dolly's Dream;" they are composed by Charles A. Trew.

ELLIOT STOCK.—From this firm come some excellent examples of "The Harmonic System of Music," "The Offertory," the Sentences being tonally noted, and the Responses composed, upon this system, for first and second alto, tenor, and bass; "The Order of Morning and Evening Prayer" in syllabic notation, the pieces being tonally noted, and the Responses appointed to harmony; "The Christmas Carol of the Village Bell-Ringers;" and "Features of an English Home," as a solo or part-song, tonal subject from an old strain, composed as a four-part song to illustrate the harmonic system of music.

MESSRS. AUGENER AND CO.—Four songs of more than ordinary merit, music by T. Chapman, are: "The World's Wanderers" (Shelley), "To His Mistress" (Robert Herrick), "If I Could See Him Once Again" (C. A. McCurdy), and "A Lyric to Mirth" (R. Herrick). A tenor with cultivated taste will do well to add these songs to his *répertoire*.—"Suite" (Prelude, Nocturne, Gavotte, Menuet, Scherzo) for the pianoforte, composed by Agate Baeker-Gründahl, is a remarkably clever and musicianly work, which should be carefully studied by pianoforte students; these pieces are also published separately.—"Agate Baeker-Gründahl Album" contains eight of the favourite compositions of this gifted composer, who is highly appreciated in her own country, but as yet is little known in England. Most original and attractive of the group is "Huldreslaet" (*Norwegische Tanz-Caprice*), which should be learnt by heart.



THE START



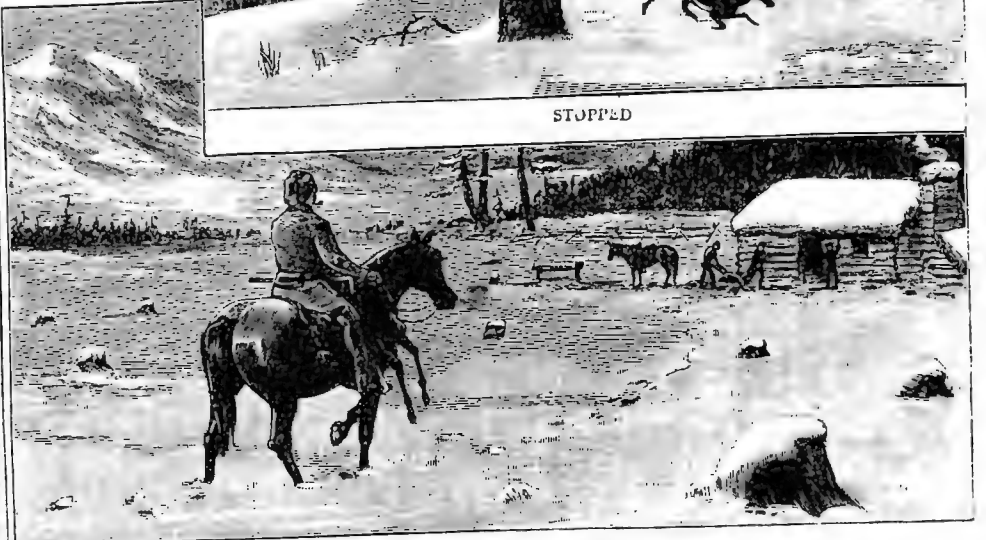
A LIKELY KNOLL: CAUGHT NAPPING



STOPPED



FRESH TRACKS



THE RETURN WITH A GOOD BAG

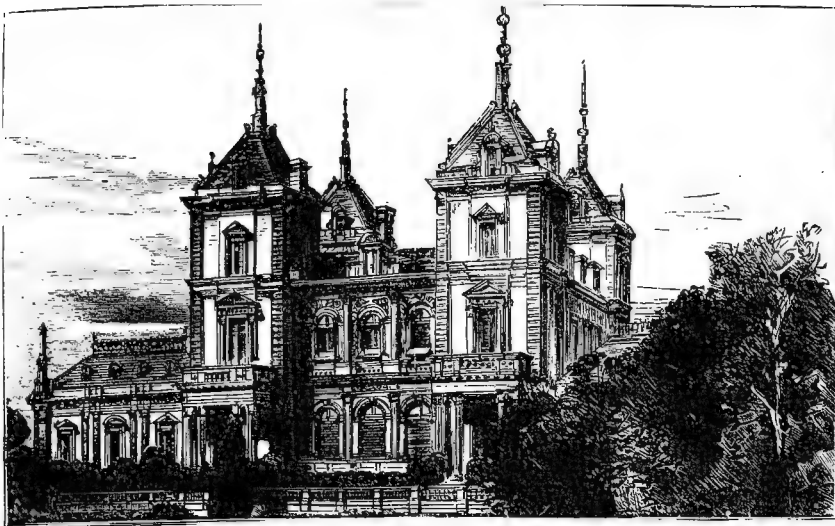
HUNTING WHITE-TAIL DEER IN THE KOOTENAY VALLEY, BRITISH COLUMBIA



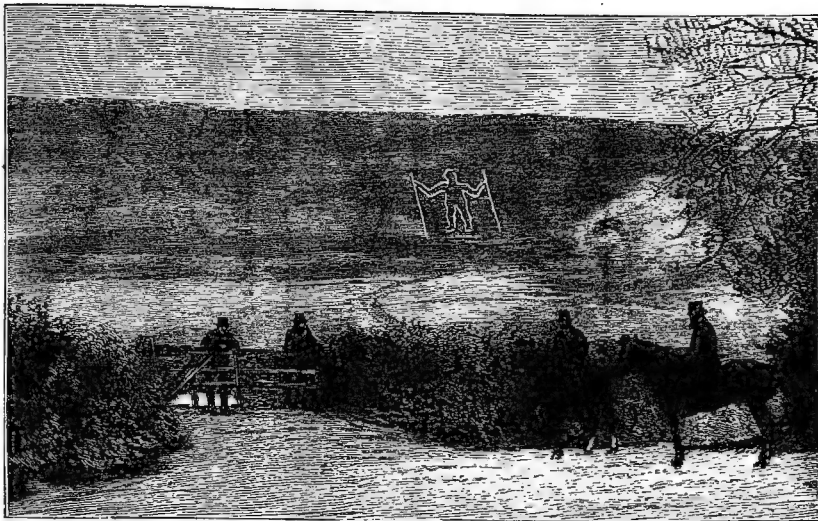
ERECTING A FLUME FOR BRINGING WATER TO THE GOLD FIELDS

"HYDRAULICING" AT THE TRANSVAAL GOLD FIELDS

PLAN ADOPTED FOR LOOSENING GOLD-BEARING ROCK



FRIEDRICHSHOF, THE FUTURE HOME OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK OF GERMANY
Friedrichshof is at Cronberg, a small town in the Taunus district, on the high road between Homburg and Königstein



THE LONG MAN OR GIANT OF WILMINGTON
On the South Downs, near Eastbourne, shortly to be Restored by the Duke of Devonshire

THE CHINA SQUADRON OFF THE COAST OF SIBERIA

DURING the annual summer cruise of the China Squadron, the almost uninhabited coast of Siberia and Russian Tartary is sometimes visited. The bays and river-mouths offer excellent opportunities for seining, trout and salmon being both plentiful. A seining party will often consist of fifty or sixty of the ship's company, and after dark a wood fire is lighted ashore, at which some of the fish are cooked by most primitive methods for a fish-supper. After supper songs are called for and sung, till it is time to repair on board. The voracity of the mosquitoes is one of the drawbacks. The *Cordelia* and the *Sapphire* visited Olga Bay, a small Russian military station on the Siberian Coast, and made some very good hauls of fish there.

FRIEDRICHSHOF

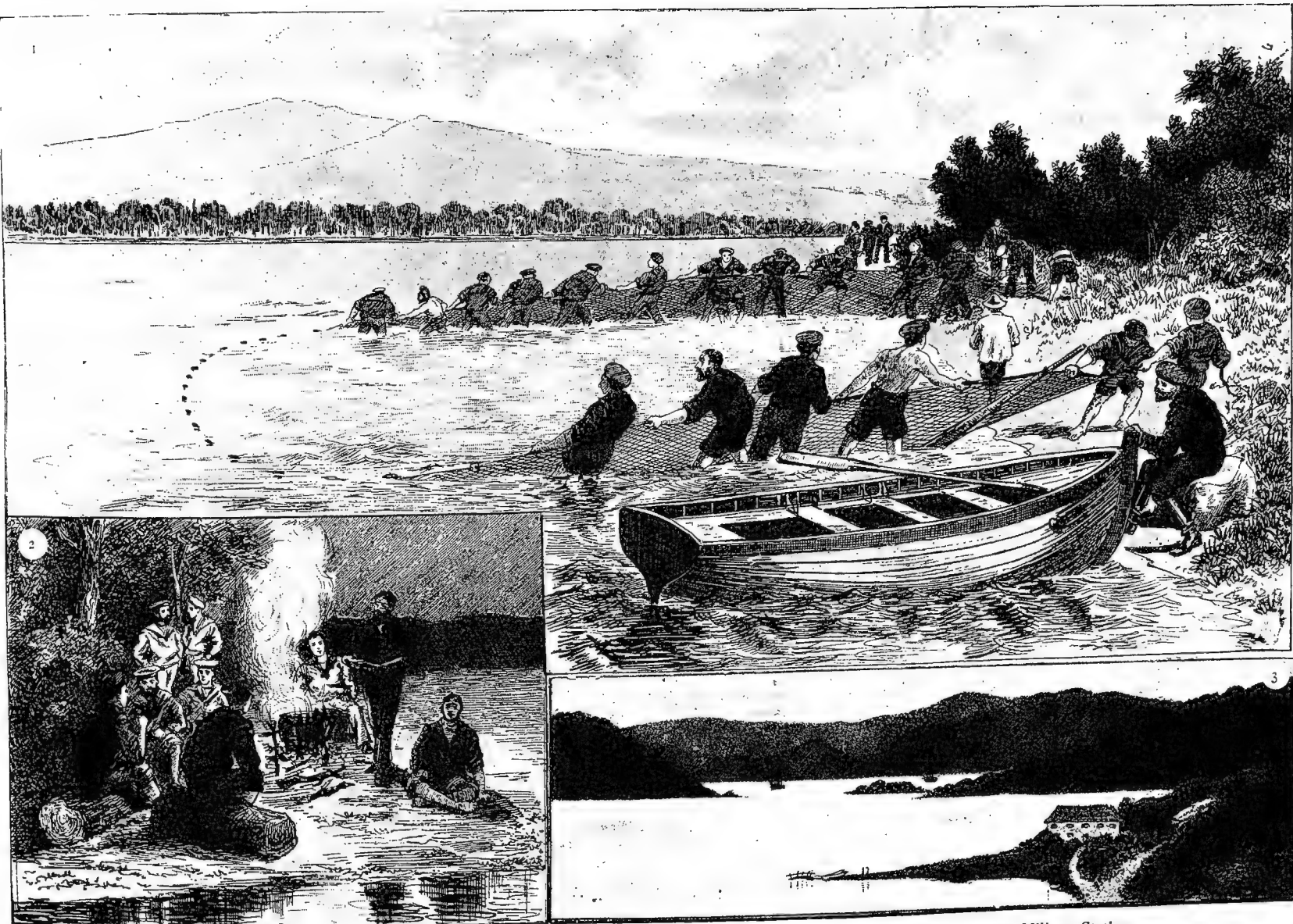
THE FUTURE HOME OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK
ON the high road from Homburg to Königstein, in the Taunus district, lies Cronberg, a small provincial town. The

little château, built there in 1860 by Mr. Reiss, banker, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, is the residence which, when completed, is to be the home of the Empress Frederick, under the name Friedrichshof. At present the Empress resides in the old Castle, Homburg. The King and Queen of Italy are expected at Homburg this month, and the Empress of Austria at Wiesbaden. Since 1883, when, during the manoeuvres, the Kings of Servia, Saxony, and Spain were the guests of the Emperor of Germany at the old Castle there, Homburg has been in favour, and even Germany has found out that the place has attractions. It is still, however, a favourite rendezvous, from June to September, of English and Americans of good social position.

ON THE WAY TO THE PARIS EXHIBITION —CROSSING THE CHANNEL—

OUR double-page illustration represents a scene which will probably be far from uncommon this summer, when the Channel boats will be crowded with thousands of holiday-folk on their way to the Great World's Fair at

Paris. The horrors of the middle passage have frequently been described with vivid realism, but we doubt if any description has done adequate justice to the utter misery experienced in dirty weather by a bad sailor when traversing the twenty odd miles which separate the chalky cliffs of Dover from the yellow sands of Calais or Boulogne. When the "silver streak" is really silvery, nothing can be more delightful and invigorating than the hour's trip across, but when, as in our engraving, it is essentially inky, with angry white waves breaking over the bulwarks at every point, the passage is a trial to the nerves and stomach of the staunchest sailor. Indian travellers who laugh at the troubles of the "Bay," or doughty Americans who can keep their sea-legs comfortably in the "roaring forties," are frequently completely knocked down by the choppy seas of the Channel and the corkscrew motion of the mail boats. Let us hope, however, that this year Father Neptune may be more than usually good-tempered, and that bright skies and gentle ripples by day, and calm phosphorescent seas by night, may be the rule, and that such a squally time as Mr. Thulstrup has depicted may be very decidedly the exception.



1. Hauling in the Seine

2. Cooking Fish at Night

3. Olga Bay, a Russian Military Station

WITH THE CHINA SQUADRON ON THE COASTS OF SIBERIA AND RUSSIAN TARTARY



THE ROYAL ACADEMY III.

OF the numerous artists who, for some years past, have devoted themselves almost exclusively to depicting the life and manners of the Cornish sea-coast villages and towns, none is seen to more advantage than Mr. Stanhope A. Forbes. In his large picture, "The Health of the Bride," the young men and maidens, the old people and the children, assembled at a wedding-breakfast in the parlour of an inn, are represented with the fidelity and force that comes of close and penetrating observation. The picture conveys a strong impression of actuality; and it has, what most of the artist's previous works have wanted, balance of composition, breadth, and unity of effect. Mr. Frank Bramley's "Saved," on the opposite wall, does not appeal so directly to human sympathy as his last year's "Hopeless Dawn." The Spanish lady seated before the fire in the cottage of one of the fishermen who have rescued her from a wreck is not particularly interesting. The two women who are ministering to her wants, and the children who regard her with mingled curiosity and sympathy, are, however, thoroughly natural and unaffected. The cold grey light of early morning, and the warm glow from the fire, are rendered in their right relation to each other. Mr. H. S. Tuke's "All Hands to the Pump" is the strongest work we have seen by him. The irresistible fury of the storm, the energetic action of the men, their excitement and consciousness of the perilous position in which they are placed, are depicted with great dramatic and expressive power. "Minutes are like Hours," showing fishermen watching a small steamer going to the assistance of a disabled ship, by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, is remarkable for its atmospheric freshness, and the sense of movement in sea and sky that it conveys.

Mr. Herkomer's "The Chapel of the Charterhouse," which has been judiciously purchased by the trustees of the Chantry Fund, is the most important work that has been produced for some years, and certainly one of the best. It is a sympathetic and thoroughly artistic rendering of an interesting subject, appropriately simple in treatment and entirely free from exaggeration and false sentiment. The pensioners slowly assembling for Morning Service have a striking appearance of reality. The character of every head is clearly defined, and the attitude of every figure is natural and expressive. The picture is well balanced in light and shade, sombre and harmonious in tone, and painted with well-restrained strength and mastery. Mr. S. J. Solomon's very large allegory, "Sacred and Profane Love," is distinctly inferior to his "Niobe," which occupied the same place last year. The angel standing on a mountain-top, with figures intended to typify Sacred Love under the shelter of her wings, is not without dignity. The group is extremely well composed, and, regarded by itself, leaves little to be desired. The man in the foreground, awkwardly posed on the brink of a precipice, the very exuberant female reclining by his side, and the Cupid sleeping on a bed of roses are, however, arranged without any regard to balance of form or harmony of line. The lower part of the picture is discordant in colour and coarsely painted. Mr. Arthur Hacker's ambitious work, "The Return of Persephone to the Earth," is also somewhat disappointing. The two principal figures are gracefully grouped and well designed, but the picture, as a whole, wants coherence, and, not being painted with the breadth and firmness proper to work on so large a scale, is rather weak and flimsy in effect.

Besides the picture already mentioned Mr. Briton Rivière sends a poetic landscape, "Pale Cynthia," in which the large mass of rolling cloud, suffused with a warm glow from the setting sun, the clear sky and pale moon above, and the wide undulating country with Endymion in the foreground, and his dogs and sheep indistinctly seen in the gathering gloom, are depicted with subtle skill and mastery. Although Mr. R. W. Macbeth's range is wide, classical subjects are apparently not within it. His "Diana," in an attitude more energetic than graceful, eagerly inciting her hounds to climb a wooded bank, is certainly not a type of formal beauty. The dogs are vigorous in action, and the treatment of the landscape is thoroughly artistic. Mr. Herbert Schmalz's "On the Banks of Allan Water" is marked by his accustomed accurate draughtsmanship and complete modelling of form, but the attitude of the lady seated on the bank, with her fair head thrown back, is neither graceful nor expressive. Close by this hangs a surprisingly good landscape by Mr. Robert Noble—an artist hitherto almost unknown in London—called "The Linn Jaws." Together with careful rendering of natural fact, it shows taste in selection, and a true sense of style. It has, moreover, balance of composition, fulness of tone, and comprehensive harmony of effect. Among many other good landscapes by painters whose names are not yet widely known, are Mr. J. Lawton Wingate's sombre "The Woods in Winter," and Mr. H. Rull's "Autumn Leaves," both of which rightly occupy places on the line.

Mr. J. M. Swan's "The Prodigal Son" is a sympathetic and thoroughly original rendering of the subject. Nothing could well be more suggestive of hopeless misery and desolation than the attitude of the man—naked but for the skins wound round his loins—crouching at early dawn amongst his wallowing swine. There is no insistence on detail, but every part of the picture bears its right relative value to the rest. Mr. Ernest Normand has lavished a great amount of thought and labour on his very large "The Death of the Firstborn," but has not succeeded in rendering it impressive. The comparison which it suggests with Mr. Alma Tadema's picture of the same subject is much to its disadvantage. Unlike that work, it is diffuse in composition, and incoherent. The dying child and the two weeping women are well designed and admirably grouped, but they occupy only a small space on the canvas, and are overpowered by the comparatively uninteresting and more prominently placed figures about them.

WAR DOGS

NOT content with making every available inhabitant of the Fatherland a soldier for at least a portion of his career, those under whose control are placed the military affairs of the German nation commenced some years ago a system of training members of the canine race for service with the colours, and most valuable and willing auxiliaries have these soldier-dogs shown themselves to be. The Russians and the French were quick to seize upon the new departure, and, according to many high authorities, it would be a good thing if our own War Department were to show itself as ready to adopt the idea.

When Shakespeare spoke of "slipping the dogs of war," he can have had little idea that a lapse of three centuries or so would see a practical illustration of his words, and that one of the mightiest armies of the world would by then have equipped itself with four-footed soldiers. The "havoc," though, which the poet imagined the animals of which he wrote capable of working, is not ever likely to become an accomplished fact. The "dogs of war" of to-day are not kept with a view to their proving personally destructive to the foe; their part is rather to aid their human comrades by the exercise

of senses which in them attain to a degree of perfection never found in man, or, perhaps, we should say, *civilised* man, for, according to Humboldt and later travellers, the Indians of Peru are able to distinguish in the middle of the night whether an approaching stranger is a European, American Indian, or a negro; while the natives of the Antilles are said to be able to decide by the sense of smell alone whether footsteps have been made by a negro or a white man.

Be this as it may, it is to the delicacy of their powers of scent that dogs in great measure owe their inclusion among the defenders of their country. Practice has shown that a properly-trained dog stationed with a sentry will discover the approach of any one advancing long before the straining ears of his companion succeed in catching the slightest sound; and a dog sent out with a reconnoitering party will, in the same way, make known the fact that there is something in front which deserves attention, while the soldiers, who are mainly dependent upon their powers of vision, are still in ignorance of the nearness of any disturbing element. Besides the services which military dogs may very well render as sentries and scouts, there is a wide field of usefulness for them as carriers of despatches between different divisions of an army, both on the march and in action, as bearers of ammunition, and as discoverers and succourers of the wounded, and watchers by the dead. Before proceeding to a fuller discussion of the subject, it will be well to note the breed from which warrior dogs have been most successfully recruited. We believe that these four-footed soldiers can claim members from among a goodly proportion of the various breeds into which their species is divided, but by far the most used and most valued are those which belong to the Spitz tribe, the members of which would scarcely have been suspected to possess the different requisite characteristics to any very marked degree. Most of the Spitz war dogs are white, but, other things equal, grey ones are preferred, as being a great deal less conspicuous than their snowy brethren. It is said that these Spitz dogs have a peculiarity, which is one of the attributes for which the breed is noted in its native country, and that is, their deeply-rooted dislike to confinement. So far does this go, that once they are chained dependence cannot be placed upon them any longer. While they are left at liberty, no animals are more faithful and trustworthy, but restraint seems to have the effect of almost entirely eradicating their good qualities.

One of the first lessons that is instilled into the minds of war dogs is the absolute necessity for silence when on duty. In the natural course of events a dog would hail the approach of an enemy by an outbreak of furious barking, but this of course would be the very last thing desirable in actual warfare. Dogs on sentry or scouting duty are taught to announce their discoveries by low growls, indeed, some of the more highly-trained ones manage to make known the items of intelligence which they are able to give, merely by gestures, never uttering a sound while on duty. German regimental dogs are taught early in their military career to distinguish the particular uniforms against which they may one day have to serve. Men are dressed as French and Russian soldiers, and, in these characters, make themselves as disagreeable as possible to the dogs, so as to ensure their animosity against any one wearing those particular costumes. Any one who has owned a dog which regarded postmen or policemen in the light of enemies, as dogs often do, will appreciate the effect that a distinctive costume has upon members of the canine tribe.

Sentry dogs are particularly useful at night, when their keen sense of smell enables them to discover the approach of a foe as easily as they could in broad daylight. It is no easy matter to train dogs to act as successful bearers of despatches. A great deal of patient work will be required from those who attempt to teach them this duty. It is essential that they should be able to perform it by night as well as by day, and, according to some trainers, when once they have acquired the knack of finding their way between two given points in the dark, they perform their journeys much quicker under these circumstances than in daylight, presumably because they are then less apt to have their attention diverted from the business in hand.

A point of vital importance is the inculcation of the necessity of avoiding strangers when bearing despatches. As an instance of the perfection with which this lesson may be instilled, we may quote the case of a German soldier dog who, if he meets any persons when carrying despatches with whom he is not acquainted, will conceal himself behind the nearest cover until they have passed, lying flat and motionless upon the ground if there is no cover near at hand, and resuming his course as soon as the coast is clear. Leather pouches in which letters may be placed are attached to the light iron collars which the war dogs of the German Army wear. It is naturally of importance that the pouches should be provided with some kind of fastening which, while easy to loosen and secure, is sufficiently reliable to ensure the safety of the contents in the not improbable event of the bearer having to race violently for safety. The chief difficulty to be overcome in training dogs to carry supplies of ammunition for use upon the field of action, is their natural disinclination to stand fire. Once their propensity to turn tail when the rifles begin to crack in every direction has been corrected, it is a comparatively easy matter to teach them to run up and down the line, stopping whenever a man bids them, and retiring now and again to the rear in order that the panniers which they carry may be replenished with fresh cartridges.

The most interesting portion of the dog-drill is the education given them regarding the proper course to be pursued after an engagement. The training in this respect is carried out with the aid of men who pretend to be killed or wounded. The dogs are taught to accompany the search party, and ranging about to return and intimate their discoveries of dead or injured men, guiding the soldiers with them to those who require either care or a soldier's burial. Every company in those divisions of the German Army in which soldier dogs are to be found possesses either two or three, so the dogs of a regiment are at least a couple of score in number. They are made a great deal of by the men, whose fondness for their pets and comrades in arms takes a practical turn that results in their being very well looked after so far as the question—all-important to the dog mind—of food is concerned.

This idea of employing dogs in warfare is no new one. It is related that the soldiers of Rhodes never left the camp on outpost duty without being accompanied by their trusty canine friends. Napoleon's Italian Army included a dog, who more than once did good service in detecting the advances of the enemy. A dog named "Dellys" held the rank of corporal in the second regiment of the Zouaves of the French Army in Africa; his deeds to some extent contradict the statement made at the commencement of this article regarding the non-aggressiveness of military dogs.

Before "Dellys" joined the regiment many sentries were lost, by Arabs crawling up to them in the dark, and stabbing them; but the dog soon enabled the Zouaves to repay the enemy in their own coin, and this to such a tune that the practice of stealing upon sentries was quite abandoned by them. "Dellys" was taught to creep towards an Arab sentry with some bushes tied to his back, stopping whenever the man looked in his direction, so that he appeared nothing more formidable than a shrub. In this manner he approached the unsuspecting sentry until he was near enough to jump at his throat, and then it was all over with the Arab, for "Dellys" never relaxed his hold until life was extinct. In this manner he killed seven Arabs in ten nights, a feat for which he was made a sergeant, and wore the stripes round his fore-legs. A. S.



THE NEW BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.—The Bill for establishing a Board of Agriculture for Great Britain has just been issued. It is backed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. W. H. Smith. The Board is to consist of the Lord President of the Council, the principal Secretaries of State, the First Commissioner of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, the Secretary for Scotland, and an indefinite number of Crown nominees. There will be transferred to the Board all powers and duties of the Privy Council under the different Acts for regulating imports of cattle, and checking disease among live stock, also the powers and duties of the Land Commissioners as to the commutation of tithes, and also the powers and duties of the Commissioners of Works and Public Buildings under the Survey Act, 1870. The Board of Agriculture will also undertake the collection and preparation of statistics relating to Agriculture and Forestry, the inspection of agricultural and other schools where agricultural subjects are taught, and the making due inquiries, experiments, and researches which the Board may think important for the advancement of Agriculture or Forestry.

BEER.—Although the matter has been kept very quiet, it is an open secret in political circles that the Beer Question has recently threatened the alliance of Conservatives and Unionists far more seriously than the dispute at Birmingham, which was the subject of many leading articles. The proposed increase in the duty on beer was stoutly resisted in the private conclaves of the Conservative party by the principal Norfolk, Suffolk, Berkshire, Essex, and Kentish members, and eventually forty members agreed to vote against the increase, thereby reducing the Government majority from 110 to 30. An interview with Mr. Goschen rather adding fuel to the fire, the malcontents were joined by others, until sixty-four members had announced their intention of voting against Mr. Goschen, who is regarded as purely a townsman, and openly defiant of rural and country opinion. In this juncture extraordinary pressure was brought to bear upon the country party, which has had finally to submit to the increased beer-duty, taking in exchange a substantial promise that the Board of Agriculture Bill shall be pushed through, and a somewhat hazy assurance that Mr. Smith's successor in the leadership of the Commons will not be Mr. Goschen.

A NEW BILL, inspired by the same solicitude for malt, has been introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Quilter on behalf of Suffolk, and Sir Edward Birkbeck on behalf of Norfolk. It is to compel retailers of beer to declare by public notice the ingredients, any other than malt, hops, and water, of which such beer is composed. The idea is that if prejudices exist it is as well to have them on the right side, and if there exists a prejudice against foreign substances, it is good policy to employ it as a set-off against an equally existent prejudice in favour of excessive cheapness. The East Anglian members, however, will not be able by their Bill to touch the big maltsters, who send to Denmark, France, Germany, Austria, and even Chili and California for fine barley, and to Turkey for second and third-rate stuff. The bad quality, the poor condition, and the unfit state of much of the English barley sent to market is an even more serious matter than the presence of foreign ingredients in British beer. Luckily Mr. Goschen's new tax and Mr. Quilter's new Bill alike make in favour of a fuller inquiry into the present conditions under which barley is grown in England and beer made therefrom.

LINCOLNSHIRE has produced two such jovial agriculturists in Sir John Astley and the Right Hon. James Lowther that it may be regarded as no more than natural that it should have a good thoroughgoing grumble to redress the balance. Such a one as we take leave to think been found in our correspondent "Louth," who writes thus: "Agricultural matters in this county are certainly worse than they have been known for fifty years or more. There is no money left, and how can there be any? Farmers have lost nearly all their capital. No sun here day after day. Rainy nights, and the land very wet and cold. All rents are too high. We want a Land Court as in Ireland. Corn last year was bad in quality, yield, and price. Two quarters per acre wheat, three quarters per acre barley; wool 22s. per tod. Wheat is lower every market this new year, although people said it would be the reverse, and so the poor farmer is gammoned." This really reminds us of Mr. Peppercorn's delightfully dismal landscapes in the Royal Academy: in each there is the same resolute determination never by any chance to see the sun.

THE MIDLANDS do not differ vastly in climatic conditions from Lincolnshire, but the dismal state of affairs just reported is by no means re-echoed from Nottingham, Derby, or Leicester. All these counties are expected, according to the local reports, to have exceptionally large hay crops, though the wheat requires drier weather, and in the absence of hardening drought has lost the fine colour which distinguished it in March. The growth is high enough, but, notwithstanding the thickness in the rows, the space between the drills is not filled up. From the more Western Midlands, such as Staffordshire, Warwick, and Gloucester, we hear that this is "the grassiest spring" for over a dozen years, and on all good lands there are good pastures. The cereals all look well. Cattle are in good condition; owing to the cheapness of dry food all through the winter, farmers' stock have not suffered from the poor quality of last year's hay to anything like the extent which might have been anticipated. The good price of beef and mutton balances the extreme cheapness of butter and cheese.

NORTH OF THE HUMBER potato planting has succeeded to a fairly favourable April for barley sowing, and the sowing of swedes in the more forward districts is beginning to follow the planting of potatoes. The lambing season has been a good one; nearly as prolific as in the South, and much fewer losses. Sheep have done well on turnips owing to the little injury sustained by the roots through frost, that great deteriorator of all such crops. Sheep on the hills have wintered well, and so have store cattle, which are in a better condition than is often the case at this time of the year. These remarks apply to the six northern counties of England. In Scotland, grass lands have been letting at a rise of, perhaps, ten per cent. on the average; seldom less than five per cent. Winter wheat has grown well from the time of its sowing up to now. Its height, about two inches, is not forward. More sunshine is now needed. Cattle are being turned out to graze, and grass is abundant. Prices show little variation, but, while wheat and barley rather favour buyers, oats are a little dearer, and all meat is well maintained in value.

MISCELLANEOUS.—At a dinner-party last week Mr. Balfour humorously complained of his opponents' want of generosity. They might at least, he said, give him Administration credit for the introduction into Ireland of the—nightingale! It is, we believe, a fact that this songster has been heard in Ireland within the last fortnight for the first time on record.—The nightingale may certainly be heard in London in the gardens of Buckingham Palace. The luxury of listening to it may be enjoyed at the very easy price of a night walk up Constitution Hill.—The Somerset County Show was

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TO THE PARIS EXHIBITION—CROSSING THE CHANNEL IN DIRTY WEATHER

favoured by beautiful weather, but the show of cattle was unusually small, and the horses poor. A compensation was to be found in the fine display of local breeds of sheep, the Devons, longwools, Somerset and Dorset horned sheep, and the interesting Exmoors being well represented at picturesque and sleepy Yeovil.—The Government Bill for the creation of an Agricultural Ministry will be read a second time in the House of Commons on the 27th (Monday next), and we hear that the Government have given satisfactory pledges as to their intention of pushing it forward!

SURVIVALS OF SACRIFICE

MANY customs and objects in the country districts testify that the old Pagan religion was not once for all annihilated. So long as the central truths of Christianity were received, especially in their Celtic presentment, it is probable that the early Christian missionaries were content to leave a wide field of traditional ritual unoccupied. Much of it was connected by strong chains of hereditary custom with domestic religion and personal belief. It seemed wiser to permit these secondary developments of the religious spirit than, by attempting to crush them and induce a rigid uniformity of practice at any cost, to run the risk of losing all. Thus many of the yews surrounding our churches are without doubt the descendants of those which flourished in the heathen sanctuaries preceding the preaching of Christianity. Similarly, sacred wells and well-dressing bear witness to the extreme vitality of ancient religions. They die, but they die hard. It required ages to dis sever religious truths from their picturesque heathenism. Thor and Woden retired slowly, and left their names on many a village long after they had ceased to affect one heart. Wishing wells and wishing gates still exist, but only to amuse young lovers.

The central idea of sacrifice, the giving up of some valued object to a superior intelligence, is far from being extinct in the modern world. Moral sacrifice constitutes the grandeur of Christianity, but material sacrifice is too often the survival from a lower civilisation. Aubrey speaks of the curious superstition of persons called sin-eaters, who would take upon themselves a dead man's sins. This prevailed, he says, in Herefordshire and on the borders of Wales in the seventeenth century. There is reason, however, to believe that the custom lingered in the West of Scotland within the present century. Sin-eaters came after a person's death, Napier tells us ("Folk Lore," Paisley, 1879), placed a plate of salt and a piece of bread on the breast of the corpse, and after a series of incantations ate the contents of the plates. This, it was believed, transferred the sins of the deceased to them, much as in the vicarious sacrifice of the scape-goat. It would be interesting to know whether this once wide-spread custom still prevails anywhere in the kingdom.

Some Celtic superstitions connected with sacrifice are peculiarly heathenish, and a few of these practices linger at present in the North-western isles of Scotland. For the cure of epilepsy a black cock is buried alive; the very colour black reminding us of the old Greek and Latin beliefs in Hades, and of the black bulls sacrificed to Pluto. Down to 1678, bulls were sacrificed on the little Island of Innis Maree in Loch Maree, and milk poured on the hills as a libation. About twenty years ago, in the county of Moray—according to Mr. Henderson's "Border Folk-Lore"—a bull was sacrificed, by being buried alive, as a propitiatory sacrifice to save the rest of the herd. Observances of a similar character prevailed in Cornwall until quite recent years. Mr. Ball supplies facts akin to these beliefs among the Patagonian Indians ("A Naturalist's Notes in South America," 1887, page 260). As soon as a child is born among them, one or more horses are assigned to it as property, and if the child should die—as it frequently does—prematurely, the horses are killed. The idea of devoting one creature for the safety of another comes out still more strongly among the Fuegians. These people in a rough sea, when in danger in their frail canoes, have been known to throw an infant overboard, an evident offering to appease the spirits of the storm.

Remnants of propitiatory rites to Baal (known as "Beltain") in which the devoted person was in some cases compelled to pass through fires, were common until quite recently, and probably still linger both in Cornwall and the Highlands. May Day, and Midsummer Day, or the Eve of St. John the Baptist, were the ordinary days for the celebration of such sacrificial practices. These rites date in all probability from the visits, even the settlement, of Phœnicians as the traders of antiquity on our coasts. They seem to be related to the worship of their great god Melkarth, the Grecian Hercules. Among the Celtic population on the borders of Wales, curious customs of sacrificing to Baal went on even in late years. Thus fifteen years ago, in the north of Monmouthshire, a little parish practised the following heathenish ritual. On one farm twelve fires were built upon a long row in the corn-field on the eve of Twelfth Day, together with a "boulder" of straw raised on a high pole. This was called "The Virgin Mother." After a time the twelve fires were lit, in order, it was said, to bring fertility. Popular belief supposed that these thirteen fires represented the Virgin and the twelve Apostles; but, of course, it was a survival of a solar myth, and really meant a heathenish (perhaps Phœnician) worship of the sun as it passed through the twelve signs of the Zodiac. More curious lore of a long-forgotten religion may be traced in the following custom which prevailed at the same farm, also on Twelfth Night Eve. It contains dim suggestions of sacrifice connected with the *mola salsa* of the Romans. A cake was brought into the stable, and put between the horns of the finest bullock or "master cow." Much cider was drunk amid general merriment. Then a jugful of cider was dashed into the animal's face after the following doggerel had been sung:—

Here's to thy pretty face and to thy white horn,
Wishing thy master a good crop of corn,
Of wheat, oats, and barley, and all sorts of grain,
And if we live to this time twelvemonth we'll drink to thee again

Naturally, when the beast felt the cider, it flung off the plum-cake. If this fell forward it was a good omen, and the cake belonged to the bailiff; but, if backwards, it signified dire ill-luck, and might be claimed by the carter.

But of all survivals of this kind, the most curious, as being indubitably an offering to the infernal deities or "manes" of the deceased, happened during the May of last year, among gipsies in Herefordshire. A message was sent to the clergyman of the parish, from the encampment on a neighbouring hill, to say that one of the number was seriously ill, and begged him to come and pray with her. He went at once, and found a poor woman, who had been only married a year, just confined and dying. She did die during the night, and he was asked to bury her and baptise the little one at church. The body was brought down in a new and beautifully-constructed travelling-van, which had been the bride's portion from her father. The Rector prepared to bury the mother first and then baptise the child, but the gipsies begged it might be baptised over its mother's coffin. This was done, and his daughter stood as godmother. Then the tribe retired to the hill, no one being suffered to ride back in the van. After nightfall, in the presence of many people, a large fire was built up, the new van, filled with the poor woman's clothes on which a sovereign had been laid, was placed over it, and, fire being applied, the whole was reduced to ashes. The bystanders were not allowed even to purchase the plate-glass windows; nothing of the dead woman's was to escape the fire. Next morning, after heaping up flowers on the grave and placing a beautifully-made cross of dog-violets over it, the tribe left that part of the country. As if to show how inveterate are their peculiar traits of character, magnanimous though they had been with their sacrifice, and even with the sovereign, they begged earnestly of the Parson's family next morning worn-out blankets and old dresses, and then drove off, promising him, when they next came, the best clothes basket which they could make.

M. G. W.

THE COINAGE OF THE UNITED STATES will probably be altered before long. With the advance of artistic taste throughout the country the Americans grow dissatisfied with most of their coins, which they think poor and antiquated in design. Thus they ridicule one piece as a "buzzard dollar," and specially abuse the seated figure of the Goddess of Liberty on the quarter and half-dollars. Hitherto the Mint authorities have been powerless to change the designs owing to a rigid law eighty years old, but a Bill for the alteration of the coinage has recently been brought in Congress. If it passes, the Director of the Mint can choose new designs, and to ensure stability of coinage no design is to be changed under twenty-five years.

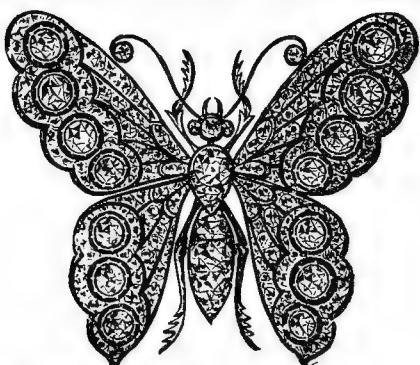
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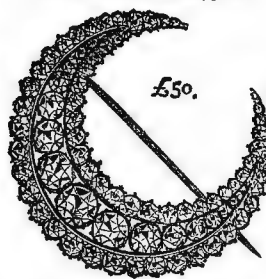
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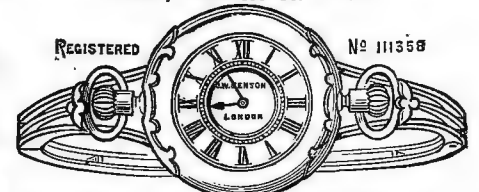


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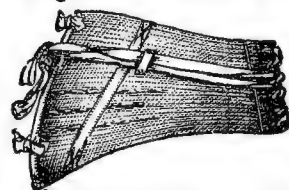
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THERE is no "Battle Abbey Roll" (Murray), and some heretics refuse to believe that there ever was one, despite the assertion that the original was destroyed when Cowdray was burnt down in 1793. Sir Egerton Brydges calls it "a disgusting forgery;" Mr. Freeman, "a transparent fiction;" Leland, who visited Battle and gives a list of the Latin books in the monks' library, does not name the "Roll;" his own list is, as Mr. Planché has shown, a transcript from the *Roman de Rou*. Had it survived, its authority would have been slight; for Dugdale and Camden speak of interpolations made "by the subtlety of the monks for money." The Duchess of Cleveland, however, having lived at Battle, was led to interest herself in the "Roll;" and the result is three dainty volumes, which, if of no great genealogical value, are full of interesting anecdotes. "What," she well asks, "would De Vere be without its meteor-star?" This star shone at Antioch on the standard of Alberic III., the De Vere star of that day; nor does Her Grace forget to trace the family up to "Verus," so named from his true dealing, who was baptised by Marcellus A.D. 41, and whose genealogy goes up to Noah, and includes Diomedes, Meleager, &c. What, again, would the Vavasours be without the tragic story of Calveley, pressed to death in James I.'s time? Of the "Roll" there are two professed copies, Holinshed's and Duchesne's, differing widely (Duchesne's scribe was an idle fellow, says the Duchess), and, when "S" resembles "C" and "C" is only too like "G," while for "G" "W" is freely substituted, there is room for any amount of variation. "There are forty ways of spelling Percy;" searchers of registers know that Warren (including Waring) is spelt in nearly as many. Sometimes a name is altered past recognition; in Ounell, for instance, who could find Orival i.e., *de aurea valle*? Many families have died out; more are probably to be found "in the ranks." Her Grace tells of a drowning of emigrants many of whom bore purely Norman names, just as in a Durham village a Vasey probably represents the De Vescis. Of course the Duchess does not attempt "the hopeless task of tracing out every collateral branch in detail." She is critical, for she will not admit the Courtenays' claim to have come over with the Conqueror, albeit De Lisle and De Magny include them in their lists. She says little about Scotland, more about Ireland (what the Fitzmaurices have to do with the "Roll" it is hard to say). Her very interesting book would have more value were the names actually found in one or other of the lists printed in different type from those non-existent.

Sir J. Lubbock is many-sided. Besides studying ants and bees, he ponders on the deep problems of human life. His former volume on these subjects has gone through thirteen editions in two years; and we anticipate a similar success for this second part. His title, "The Pleasures of Life" (Macmillan), is an index to the work, which takes us from "Ambition" and "Wealth," to the "Destiny of Man." Sir John apologises for his numerous quotations, many of them old friends of those whose reading is at all out of the common: "he has not striven to be original," and, he might have added, his public is not likely to know much of Cicero or of Plutarch. His remarks on theological doubts, "which," says Bacon, "bring down the Holy Ghost in the shape of a raven instead of a dove" (Swinburne's "the dove of his worship a raven," by the way), are excellent. So is his criticism on Wordsworth's "the world is too much with us, &c.;" "Yes, but what world? It will

be with us whether we please or not, but what sort of a world will greatly depend on ourselves." We don't know what the pre-Raphaelites will say to the statement, *apropos of Art* being not a mere copying of Nature, that "Turner moved and even suppressed mountains, was not satisfied even with the most glorious scenery;" and was Alexander the Great "the type of the unworthy form of ambition which aims only at conquest?" How about Alexandria, and the plans for giving new life to the East?

"From Soul to Soul" (Bale and Sons), by the author of "From Over the Tomb," is, like that little book, "selected from MS. written under the control of the writer's late husband." It scarcely needed some one from the dead to remind us that "heaven and hell are states of being," and that the latter is "a misleading word badly translated, and worse confused by the meanings fastened upon it," not altogether "for the purposes of priestcraft." Teaching such as this is admirable—"Warn men to look to themselves for the causes of their suffering, and not to blaspheme God;" and there is a good deal of it in these pages. "Parents, watch your children, and live your lives again in theirs," would be more practical if in this undutiful age we were told how children may be guided. Of course the book contains surprises; animals are a part of God's everlasting kingdom, and their spirits are a glorious addition to His majesty. The writer is located in Mars, "a resting-place of low spiritual resistance," but hopes soon to be promoted to Saturn or some other planet of greater spiritual advancement.

In "The Counter Revolution" (Longmans), the latest "Epoch of Church History," Professor Adolphus Ward, of Owens College, follows Ranke and Von Hübnér (Maurenbrecher's great work is not far enough advanced), and was able to revise his book from Philippson's "Contre Révolution Religieuse." Of course Mr. Ward has much to say about the Jesuits, who, with the Capuchins, helped to work out the internal reform of the Roman Church; but the bulk of his scholarly book is devoted to the Imperial *interim*, the Council destroyed any hope there might have been of restoring unity by mutual concessions. Pope Paul IV. (Caraffa) honestly and earnestly aimed at making his Church pure and spiritually active, but purity for him connoted "freedom from heresy." It is curious to note how very nearly Pole was able to bring England again within the fold. He would have succeeded but for the Spanish marriage and the Spanish policy. The persecutions shocked public feeling far less than we imagine. The book is a lucid guide through a very interesting period.

"S. F. L. S." has adapted from Canon Body's "Instructions" seven practical readings on "The Appearances of the Risen Lord" (Wells Gardner). They do for Eastertide what so many manuals do for Lent. No one, therefore, need "snap the thread of special study and resolve, on the very threshold of the Queen of Days." Their source is the warrant for the fitness of these readings to help those who would try to make Easter what it ought to be.

The chief value of "Rogers and His Contemporaries" (Smith and Elder) lies in the latter member of the clause. Rogers, a wealthy man, though a mediocre poet, had the art of drawing together all celebrities. Everybody deferred to him. Fenimore Cooper writes him from Paris a letter that fills six of Mr. Clayden's pages. Isaac d'Israeli sends him his pamphlet, "Eliot, Hampden, and Pym." Joanna Baillie lets him call her "an ungrateful hussey," and says she deserves it. In 1832 Rogers's house was one of the sights of London. Mr. Clayden of course records many of Rogers's "nasty things," such as his praising Landseer's Newfoundland dog, and, when Landseer showed his delight, explaining: "Yes, I thought the ring of the dog's collar well painted." About marriage his cynicism was excessive. When news came that a certain M.P. had been stopped in Italy by brigands, but released, he said: "Yes,

they wanted him, but his wife flung her arms round his neck, and rather than take her they let him go." Perhaps his most brutal speech was when Moore showed him the Sloperton dining-room hung with prints of Lords Grey, Russell, Lansdowne, &c. "Why, you've got all your patrons here," he said. Some of his friends retorted; Lord Alvanley, for instance, in reference to his cadaverous appearance, told how, when he hailed a cab, the driver took him for a ghost, and cried, "No, not you." Mr. Ruskin was among Rogers's correspondents—one of the letters is of five pages; indeed, he says, "Italy," given him on his thirteenth birthday by his father's partner, "determined the main tenor of his life." Mr. Clayden, holding a brief for Rogers, thinks that "his cynical sayings represented only his passing thought," and that "he has suffered from the fact that so much of the table-talk belonged to the declining period." Lady Dufferin's account of him in Mr. Hayward's "Correspondence" belongs to this time. Of course, in these two volumes there is much that is infinitely little; but we have not for some time met with a better book to fill up, not one idle half-hour, but the half-hours of a whole season.

There is a great deal of good advice in Mr. C. Lancaster's "Illustrated Treatise on the Art of Shooting" (Lancaster, New Bond Street). The author is not only a gun and pistol-maker, but has coached many sportsmen, and writes "by request." With a delicacy rare in such books, he abstains from recommending any particular kind of gun. The warning against using a right-eyed gun if your left is the master-eye is practical; so is the warning against "dangerous guns" in a covert. There is teaching in the case of the suicide who left a letter saying he did not wish to be handed down to posterity as one of the class of idiots who let their guns go off without intending it.

His "Dry-Fly Fishing" (Sampson Low) Mr. F. M. Halford, "Detached Badger" of the *Field*, dedicates to Mr. G. S. Marryat, the friend who taught him to value and love this mode of angling. Besides describing the dry-fly-fisher's gear, and giving plates of and hints about the various casts, Mr. Halford tells us a great deal of the habits of trout. For instance, you are disappointed at not getting a bite, though you try every fly in your book, while the river literally boils with trout and grayling, feeding madly. Mr. Halford explains; they are devouring the unemerged nymphs of the May-fly, infinitely preferring these to the mature insect. That a 3lb. trout should contain the remains of five full-grown crayfish besides a compact mass of sherry-spinners, shows its feeding powers, and accounts for the sometimes rapid growth of fish. The book is very pleasant and useful reading for weather-bound anglers.

"Driving" (Longmans), by the Duke of Beaufort, the editor of "The Badminton Library," should naturally rank high in this excellent series. It is, in fact, one of the best illustrated and most carefully-written of the volumes hitherto published. Artists like G. D. Giles and J. Sturges are warrant for the former; and in the latter his Grace proves that of the pen his command is as complete as it is of the ribbons. The veteran Lord Algernon St. Maur writes about "Old Coaching Days." "Tandem Driving" is by Lady Georgina Curzon, whose hints are thoroughly practical (she prefers ponies of fourteen hands to horses), and who has in all her experience never met with a serious accident. The training is the thing; you can't expect a horse used to other work suddenly to play leader to your team. "The Coaching Revival" is well described by Mr. W. C. A. Blew; and Major-General Sir C. Teesdale's paper on "Sleighting" chiefly gives his Russian experiences, and is full of praise for the "good friends and generous enemies" whom he made whilst he shared General Williams's captivity at Kars. We have said enough to show that the volume is one of the best even of this thoroughly workmanlike series.

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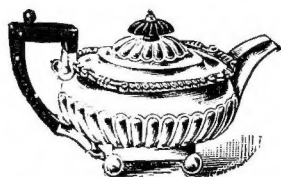
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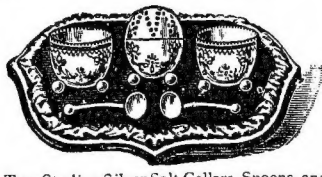
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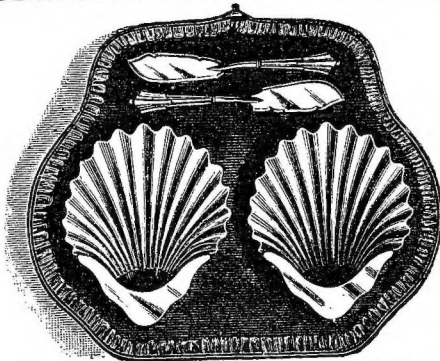
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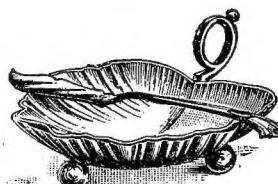
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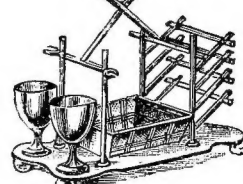
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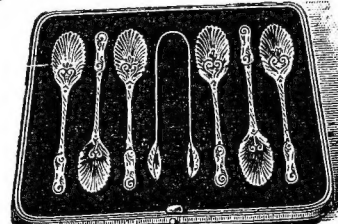
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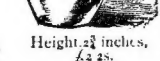
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"The Lights and Shadows of Morning Life," by the late James Reid (Leeds: R. Jackson, Commercial Street). Professor Herkomer says that every one, before criticising a picture, should try and understand the aims and intentions of the artist. This has certainly been the object of Mr. Reid, and has evidently been to him a labour of love, his mode of dealing with any picture he selected for illustration being, not only to discover all manner of beauties, but to treat them with so sympathetic and delicate a touch as to make him a most delightful guide. Child-life evidently, to him, was most fascinating, and among the etchings are copies from paintings by Sir J. Millais, Fred Morgan, Haynes Williams, W. L. Thomas, and others. In his descriptive article accompanying "The Ornithologist," by Millais, he says:—"With such children we are in excellent company. Nor can we wish for ourselves a higher honour than that our latest hours may be filled with 'those gracious acts' which will bring around us, in tender affection, the happy reminders of morning life; and that our days 'the farthest removed from infancy' may be blessed with the pure love of children." Unfortunately this hope was not realised, for the author died suddenly, at the age of forty-five.

Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson cannot leave the too-fascinating Lady Hamilton alone. We hoped the subject had been dismissed when he finished his last two volumes. But, as if he deemed our appetite for extinct scandals inexhaustible, he now gives us two more, nominally on "The Queen of Naples and Lord Nelson" (Hurst and Blackett). His former work was chiefly taken up with the unedifying story of Lady Hamilton's early life; his latter repeats this *in extenso*, whilst it also "disproves" the statement, strongly insisted on by some of Horatia's descendants, that her mother was not Sir W. Hamilton's wife but the Queen of Naples. Those who care to speculate on the character of Marie Antoinette's elder sister will find abundant material in these volumes. It is M. Gagnière against Mr. Jeaffreson; the former impugning, the latter stoutly defending the Queen's honour. Report provided Queen Marie-Caroline with at least half-a-dozen lovers. Report lied, says Mr. Jeaffreson, not only in that but also in attributing to her the vindictiveness which, after a long reprieve, sent Luigia Sanfelice to execution. "It was the King's doing. The Queen had besought a pardon; but he, with Bourbon pig-headedness, took this means of showing he was not under petticoat government." We hope we shall have no more of Lady Hamilton. Few histories are so *peccare docentes* to a certain class of female minds.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. send us Part I., of "Work," a new magazine on technical education, edited by Francis Young; "Electricity," a practical treatise on the application of electricity in modern life, edited by R. Wormell, D.Sc.; "The Library of English Literature," selected, edited, and arranged by Professor Henry Morley; "Cassell's New Popular Educator," "Conquests of the Cross," a history of the life and work of our missionaries; "The Life and Work of St. Paul," by Dean Farrar; and Part IV. of "Celebrities of the Century," edited by Lloyd C. Masters. This latter includes the names of Colonel Burnaby, F. C. Burnand (the well-known editor of *Punch*), Randolph Caldecott, Thomas Carlyle, Joseph Chamberlain, and Lord Randolph Churchill. From Messrs.

H. Grevel and Co., 33, King Street, Covent Garden, we have "Fun and Frolic for Young and Old," by L. Meggendorfer, a book of comical sketches printed in colours.

MINOR NOTICES.—The appearance of "Brighton of To-day" and "Folkestone of To-day," by Charles Eyre Pascoe (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.), has no doubt been suggested by the success that has attended that author's "London of To-day." Both books are written in an easy, gossipy style, which renders them very pleasant reading, and visitors to these towns will find them excellent handbooks. Bath is promised as the next of the series.—The picturesque scenery of the South of Ireland is admirably described in "Guy's South of Ireland Pictorial Guide" (Cork: Guy and Co.). The book abounds in illustrations of well-known spots, including Blarney Castle and the beautiful Lake scenery of Killarney.—"The Beauties of Sherwood Forest" form the subject of an unpretentious but interesting little work by Mr. J. Sissons (Workop: Sissons and Son, 8, Potter Street). The book opens with an account of the sylvan glades of Sherwood Forest, and then follow descriptions of Clumber House, the seat of the Duke of Newcastle, Welbeck Abbey, and other places in and around the neighbourhood.—Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co. send us "London in 1889," being the new edition of Mr. Herbert Fry's book. This is the ninth annual publication of this excellent handbook to the great metropolis, and the descriptive matter is as complete as in former years.—"Webster's Royal Red Book" (Webster and Co., 60, Piccadilly) is too well known to need any comment, but we notice in the new edition which has just come to hand a useful addition in the insertion of a list of the London County Council, with the private addresses of the members.—Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co. send us "The Student's Atlas," by the late Mr. R. A. Proctor. The Atlas is comprised in twelve circular maps, which enable the student to ascertain at a glance the relations of different parts of the earth's surface to each other.—"A New Shilling Book of Alphabets" (Field and Tuer) will be found useful by all who have occasion to copy alphabets. The book contains specimens, both capitals and small letters, of all the different styles of types, and also includes sets of numerals and many decorative designs.—We have also received "May's British and Irish Press Guide" (May and Co., 162, Piccadilly); the second edition of "The Bacon-Shakespeare Question Answered," by C. Stopes (Trübner and Co.); and the third edition of "The Royal Mail: Its Curiosities and Romance," by J. W. Hyde (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.).

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THE volume of Ballads and Sonnets which Mr. Graham R. Tomson publishes under the title of "The Bird-Bride" (Longmans) is a book to be enjoyed. The poem which gives its title to this collection of verse, an adaptation from the Eskimo, tells how one of the Arctic men fell in love with the fairest of a flock of sea-gulls, who suddenly were changed, that fleet bird-folk,

To women young and fair.

The Northman seized his bride, and thus he sings of the home-bringing:—

I bore her safe to my warm snow house;
Full sweetly there she smiled;
And yet whenever the shrill winds blew,
She would beat her long white arms awed,
And her eyes glanced quick and wild.

Equally musical and charming is the "Ballad of Pentyre Town," while quite an addition to fairy verse is "Märchen." Beautifully conceived is the sonnet describing the death of Boucher gazing from his artist's chair on the picture of "Venus." Alluding to the growing shadow of the sunset, we have these last four lines:—

Grey, up the ivory breast, the golden head,
It stole; but steadfast through the twilight dim,
Still on his idol gazed the sightless dead,
And still the rose-crowned goddess smiled on him.

Lovers of genuine verse will not be disappointed in "The Bird-bride."

Although Miss Hélène E. A. Gingold has written "Steyneville," "Denyse," &c., in addition to her present volume, "A Cycle of Verse" (Remington), we are inclined to think that she still remains in the immaturity of the art she admires. If "Belcanto," whom she satirises in the opening song, were only a critic of poetry, he might have his revenge. Of his voice, she says:—

The timbre is not very loud,
He mostly piano uses,
With a soul he's not endow'd,
Yet soul in song infuses.

Miss Gingold should seriously ask a grammatical friend for advice as to the last line of the following refrain:—

Shun the one who hateth song,
Or lies, or helps a lie to live,
Who weakly Slander maketh strong,
Or to Virtues terrors give.

The sentiment is sublime, but that last word is a descent from a noble altitude. Unfortunately, some poets and some prose-writers, too, forget that one great qualification for their pursuits is a knowledge of the fine old English language.

A praiseworthy volume of verse is that by "R. F. T.," entitled "A Life, Love, and Other Poems" (Kegan Paul). The author has adopted for his poem on "Love" the form of verse and arrangement so intimately associated with our great elegiac poem, "In Memoriam." He says, "A long and loving familiarity with that noble work has shown the writer that in no other form could he so agreeably to himself find expression, and therefore, at all risk, he ventures, in the spirit of admiration, to follow haltingly upon the path lying before him." From the following it may be judged that "R. F. T." is not altogether unsuccessful in his imitation:—

I know the thoughtless often call
A lower passion by a name
We honour so, and gather shame
For that they scarcely know at all.
Poor hapless ones in piteous case
Whose highest is a thing so low;
Who never see the mountain's brow
Above the clouds that wrap its base.

This is a fair average specimen of the other verse in the volume.

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A few of the many Good Reasons why Cadbury's Cocoa enjoys such World-wide popularity.

CADBURY'S COCOA is guaranteed to be Pure Cocoa.

CADBURY'S COCOA is made instantly with boiling Milk or Water.

CADBURY'S COCOA is not reduced in value by the addition of Starch, Sugar, &c.

CADBURY'S COCOA is specially rich in flesh-forming and strength sustaining principles.

CADBURY'S COCOA contains all the delicious aroma of the Natural Article, without the excessive proportions of fat.

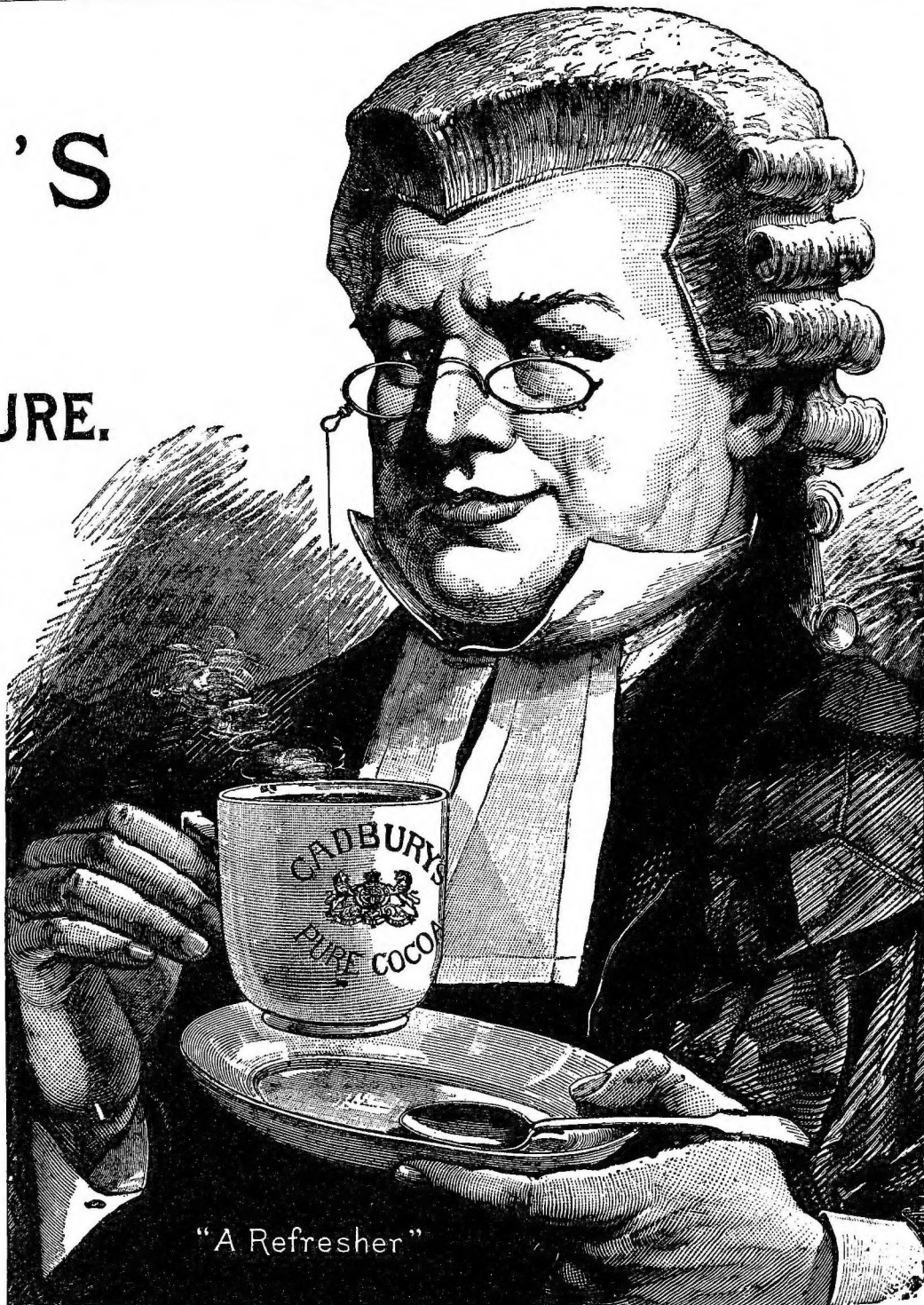
CADBURY'S COCOA is delicious, nutritious, digestible, comforting, and a refined beverage suitable for all seasons of the year.

CADBURY'S COCOA is a gentle stimulant, and sustains hunger against bodily fatigue.

In the whole process of manufacturing Cadbury's Pure Cocoa, the automatic machinery employed obviates the necessity for its being once touched by the human hand.

WARNING.

When asking for Cadbury's Cocoa be careful to avoid FOREIGN Cocoas sold as pure, which are adulterated with alkali. This may be detected by the dark colour and the scent when a tin is freshly opened.



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Direct with the actual Manufacturers.

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FULL DRESS LENGTHS
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FOR SUMMER

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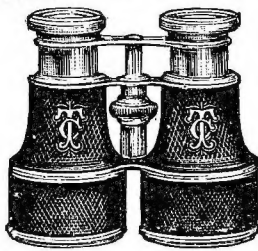
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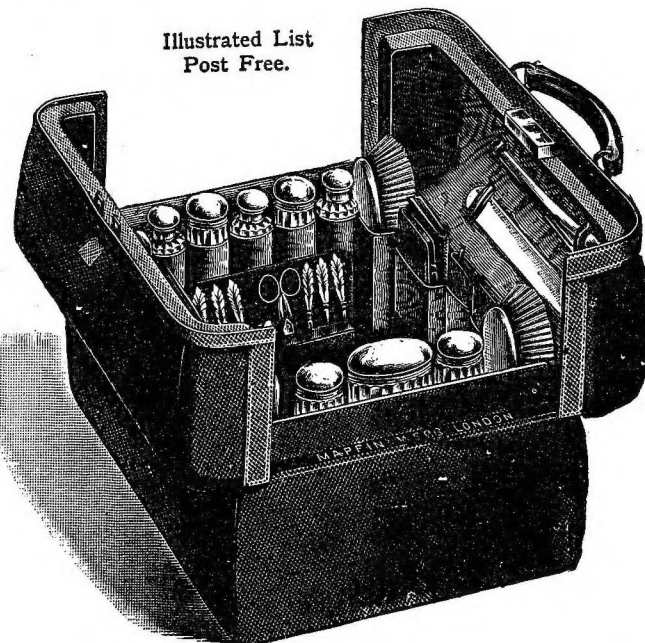
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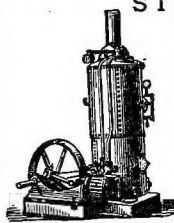
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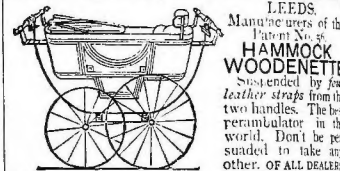


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